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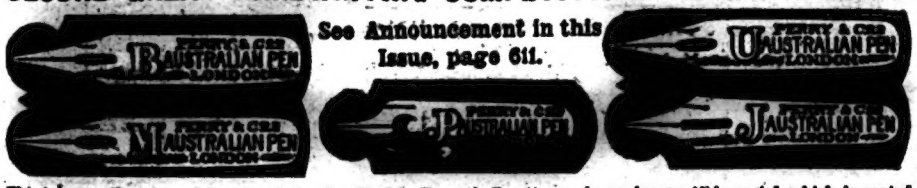

See Announcement in this Issue, page 611.

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618 Remember Now Thy Creator
[illegible] Consider the Lilies
567 Diver in E flat, 568 Diver in F
641 Song that Reached my Heart
[illegible] Maggie Murphy's Home
602 Aileen Aroon in E flat, 606 in F

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[illegible] An Old Sweet Greeting Waltz, Leonard Gautier
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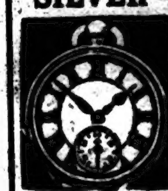

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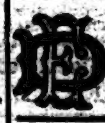

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Will you do us a good turn by giving this copy to someone when you have read it?

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

VOL. III.—No. 113.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 15, 1893. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOW LITTLE IT COSTS.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word or a tender smile
As we go on our daily way;
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbour's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight, another goes
All weary in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth
Another must pray for aid,
O'er ways that are rough with stumbling stones,
Where the tired feet go slow,
One sees with eyes which are glad and bright,
Another's with tears o'erflow.

We pass each other as days go by,
But we seldom have time to heed—
We who are filled with our own content—
How much our neighbours may need.
Can't we stop to give just a kindly smile,
Or a tender word or so,
Or only a glance of sympathy,
Which might to some sad heart go?

And kindle there a glow of trust,
And dry the falling tears,
And help sweet faith to revive again
In the place of grief and fears!
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought!
A smile—a kind word—a glance—a touch,
What magic with them is wrought!

SHE WOULD NOT BE IDLE.

THEY were sitting on a log.

"And you love me?" he asked.

"Can you ask it?" she answered.

"I like to hear you say the sweet words over and over again," he gurgled.

"Then I do love you and love you," she twittered.

"And I must leave you to-morrow."

"Don't say it, dear heart, don't say it."

"And what will my darling do when I am away? What will she do in these lonely evening hours without me."

"Ahem!" said an old bachelor, getting up from the dark end of the log, and starting off. "I'll tell you what she'll do in these lonely hours without you; she'll be sitting out here on the same log with another man, making as big a fool of him as you are."

Then he went out into the darkness.

LUCKY PURCHASES.

LAST season a dirty picture, described as an "old master," was sold at Christie's for seven guineas. It was resold for £80, again for £700, and now, having been cleaned, and discovered to be a fine Terburg, it has been purchased for a Continental gallery for £2,000.

Of course, extraordinary bargains have been often picked up at sales by shrewd purchasers, but it is really marvellous that at Christie's, of all places on the face of the earth, a picture really worth £2,000 should be allowed to go for £7. I know myself of one miraculous transaction of this kind in Sèvres china.

Early in the present century a gentleman presented a reverend friend with two vases as a wedding present. These vases stood for more than forty years on a cabinet in a Somersetshire rectory, without even attracting any particular notice, until a sale took place after their owner's death, at which they were bought for one guinea by a gentleman in Bath.

Within a few weeks they were resold for six hundred guineas to a Bond Street dealer, who speedily disposed of them to the late Lord Derby for over four thousand pounds.

CROSSED, FORSOOTH!

Not long since, a sentimental young Liverpool lady was down on the Cunard steamship pier, where she saw a young girl sitting on a trunk in an attitude of absolute dejection and despair.

"Poor thing!" thought the romantic girl. "She is probably alone and a stranger. Her pale cheeks and great sad eyes tell of a broken heart and a yearning for sympathy. She has probably had some unfortunate affair and has left her lover in America."

She went over to the traveller to win her confidence.

"Were you crossed in love?" she asked sympathetically.

"No," replied the girl with a sigh; "crossed in the Cunard, and a mighty rough passage too!"

CATS IN RUSSIA.

It may be a source of consolation to the British Tom cat to know that, whatever his ultimate destiny may be, it cannot possibly take a worse form than that which follows in the wake of his Russian brother.

All along the banks of the Volga are colonies of hard-hearted men who make a business of breeding and raising Toms and Tabbies to sell to pedlars at threepence or fourpence each. And not only is puss subjected to this indignity, but also to the further and greater one of being flayed alive, and then killed.

But, to give him his due, the pedlar does not torture his victim in this manner wantonly. It is the outcome of necessity, and fashion demands the perpetration of these heinous cruelties. The skin is rendered more pliable and soft when taken from the body of the living animal, and consequently fetches a higher price in the fur centres of Russia.

The canaries and pigeons of England may also shake hands with one another for a similar reason.

Eighty families in Tula sustain life entirely on the proceeds accruing from the sale of the skins of canaries and pigeons which they have reared for the purpose of adorning ladies' hats and cloaks.

HOW THE HIPPOPOTAMUS WAS CAGED.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS when angry will attack the object of its wrath without the least thought as to consequences to himself. The knowledge of this peculiarity of the animal once enabled the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens to capture one which had escaped from his den.

Early one morning, before the gardens were opened, a keeper rushed into the superintendent's house, exclaiming, "Obash is out!" Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent, ran out, and, sure enough, the huge "hippo" was coming down the long walk, his vast mouth curled into a ghastly smile, as if he meant mischief.

The cunning brute had managed to push back the door of his den, which the keeper had not fastened as he should have done. The man was called, and tried to coax the animal back with sweet hay. The brute munched the hay, but showed no sign of going back to his den.

Mr. Bartlett then thought of the right thing to do. There was a keeper named Scott, whom Obash hated, and ran at whenever it came in sight.

"Scott," said Bartlett, putting a bank-note in his hand, "throw open the paddock gate, show yourself to Obash at the end of the path, and run for the gate."

The man looked at the note and then through the trees at the dangerous beast. The bank-note conquered his fear. Going into the middle of the path he shouted derisively, "Obash! Obash!"

The animal, recognising the voice of his enemy, roared vindictively, and, wheeling his massive frame, charged after the keeper. Scott, running for his life with the angry hippo at his heels, rushed through the gate into the paddock and over the railings. Obash, checked by the rails. The gate was hastily closed, and Obash was again a prisoner.

ADDED WORD COMPETITION.

No. [illegible]

[illegible]

In this Competition each letter of the alphabet has a distinct numerical value. Thus: "a" equals 1, "b" equals 2, "c" equals 3, and so on—"y" equals 25, and "z" equals 26.

Every word in the English language will, then, have a numerical value. For instance, "again" will be represented by 33. For,

a	equals	1
g	"	7
a	"	1
i	"	9
n	"	14
Total	...	32

We offer Twenty-five Pencil-cases and Twenty-five Pocket-knives to those Fifty Readers who first point out the word on pages 612 and 613 that has the highest numerical value. Hyphenated words must not be counted. Neither a Pencil-case nor a Knife will be given to the tenth, twentieth, thirtieth, fortieth, and fiftieth correct competitors. They will receive Cash Prizes of a Guinea each. Name page, column, and line in which the word appears. Post-cards only, please.

BOY (with feeling): "I'm an orphan, and father's broke his legs and is in jail, and mother's in an insane asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll lick me."

THE origin of the number thirteen superstition is not exactly known, but it is supposed that the misfortunes men met with who never came home until after twelve had something to do with it.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer at a horse sale, "how much am I offered for this valuable carriage horse?"

"Ha'penny a pound!" cried a man who looked like a sausage manufacturer.

VOICE from the head of the stairs: "Mary, has the morning paper come yet?"

Mary (who has just begun to say good-bye to George): "How shall I answer him, my dear?"

George: "Tell him, of course, the paper hasn't come yet, as we are just going to press now."

"You say you like Sybil," said Mandie to Clare, "because she never speaks ill of the absent. Well, I think you'd never have been able to pay her such a compliment if you'd been present when you were absent yourself!"

It was an involved phrase, but it had its effect, and Clare has not been so well disposed to Sybil since.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—Mr. Shoddy: "Yas, that's the armah used by my ancestah who came ovah with the Conquerah."

Young American Lady (after examining the armour carefully): "It says 'made in Germany' on the gauntlet."

Mr. Shoddy: "Oh, yes. My ancestah—er—*started* from there, don't yer know."

JOHNNIE, a bright boy of six, while being dressed for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear, and very much repaired, turned quickly to his mother, and asked:

"Say, is pa rich?"

"Yes, very rich, Johnnie; he's worth [illegible] and a half."

"What is, ma?"

"Oh, he values you at one million [illegible] and baby at half a million."

Johnnie (after thinking a moment): "Ma, wish pa to sell the baby and buy us some clothes."

Tell your friends about the Added Word Competition.

BACK TO LIFE.

Brightly sparkled the sun on the diamond panes of the old-fashioned kitchen window, and the fire crackled indignantly in the grate within. At the long wooden table stood Mother Kimbo, with her old wrinkled face lit up with a smile.

Through the open window came the merry sound of the school children as they romped in the little village street, and the sweet harmony of the sheep bells as the shepherd leisurely drove his flock before him over the short brown grass which covered the sides of the stately downs that stretched away behind the farm.

Mother Kimbo was supposed to be peeling potatoes, but her mind was far from her work. Presently she turned round and faced her son, who was smoking contentedly in the chimney corner.

"I expect" said she, in her quaint Sussex drawl, "that she had better go now."

"And I think she hadn't better go at all," answered her son, cramming his mouth with a huge chunk of cheese.

"It's a pity like," the old lady answered, "that my man didn't take his dinner with him. It isn't often he forgets it. But someone will have to carry it to him, and I don't see why Rhoda shouldn't manage it. She's that fond of going on errands, too."

John was too busy with his dinner to say anything more, and the old lady finding he did not answer her, went on:

"It's unlucky like that you've to go to the station or you might take it; still Rhoda'll do it all right."

She went on with her potatoes for a while, and then putting down her knife she walked into the little larder and packed a basket of milk, bacon, cheese, and two huge chunks of bread, with a little packet of salt.

Another moment the door opened and a tall girl of some eighteen summers burst into the room. She was very beautiful. Her auburn hair was fastened loosely on her head, and a bright smile was on her lips.

"Rhoda," said the old lady in a tone of mild reproof, "Rhoda, where have you been all this time?"

"I've been climbing, auntie," cried the girl brightly. "I've been reading in the old cherry tree."

"And did you think the plates would wash themselves, child?" asked the old lady trying to look severe.

A troubled look came across the girl's face.

"What plates?" she asks in an air of surprise, and then, as if with a sudden rush of recollection:

"Why, I declare, I forgot them altogether. I will do them now. Oh, I'm so sorry, auntie," and she threw her arms round Mother Kimbo's neck. "I suppose I'll always have to do that sort of work," she said sorrowfully, "because I hate it so. Don't you think so, auntie. Oh, how I do hate work!"

With a look of great tenderness Mrs. Kimbo gently patted the girl's bright hair.

"I expect you won't be troubled with work much this afternoon, lassie," she said. "I'm a going to do the dishes myself, and you're going to carry uncle his dinner on the Downs. You'll go there straight and not loiter on the way, now, won't you, dearie?"

The girl's face lit up with pleasure.

"Oh, I'll love to go," she cried joyously, and clapping her hands like a little child.

She slung the basket on her arm and whistling to the shepherd dog, who was sleeping in the sun outside, she darted out of the little garden gate, across the strip of waste land, and began climbing the steep slippery sides of the downs.

Mother Kimbo stood at the window and watched the slim girlish figure as she clambered nimbly up the track, and when at last she went out of sight the old lady set about washing up the plates.

"I am afraid she'll never get over it," she muttered to herself. "Poor child, and yet there isn't much difference between her and the other girls, it's only a little something wanting." She was thinking of that vacant look which sometimes clouded her darling's eyes and that indescribable indecision about the mouth. As the neighbours said, "you couldn't depend on Rhoda to do a thing unless it was an errand of some kind." No one could be more faithful than the poor half-witted creature on an errand.

She had not been always in this sad state. When she was a little girl she had been if anything brighter and cleverer than her companions. Then one day she had a fall from her favourite cherry tree. The doctor talked about "arrested development," but it was easy to see that it was more than that.

As her recovery progressed her friends began to notice this weakness of memory and the strange vague look in the eyes. Physically she grew to be a fine and beautiful woman, but mentally she remained a child.

Her great delight in life was running messages. She seemed to take a childish delight in feeling she could be trusted. She loved to run to the shop or post letters for the people at the farm and the neighbours. Every day the girl might be seen with her sheep-dog at her heels hurrying along on some errand, and looking as if she had the cares of a kingdom upon her young shoulders.

"You can always trust me with an errand," she would say in babylike conceit. "So long as I'm alive I'd carry through with it. Jock and I will do it."

The terrible earnestness on her face at such times was almost painful to see.

She was the general favourite in the village, though she did not seem to care long for anyone but her dog. She loved him pathetically.

The girl with the dog at her heels soon reached the brow, and she threw herself panting upon the short turf. Stretching, before her like a map was the Weald of Sussex, and down below nestled the little farm which she had learnt to call home. Then she turned and looked across the Downs she loved so well. A mist was rolling up from the sea on the wings of the south-west wind. It came on quickly, and by the time Rhoda had got to her feet again she found herself enveloped in it.

A sudden terror seized her. Should she be able to find the way? In the daylight she knew every inch of the ground well enough, and it was but a short distance to the furze bushes where her uncle was working. But she had heard how even the shepherds lost their way on these Downs in the thick sea fogs, and she recalled the terrible stories she had heard the children tell about travellers who had lost their way and fallen down the great chalk pits, which had not even a fence to warn the incautious wanderer of their proximity. She stood perfectly still, thinking what to do, her hands tightly clasped, and the little basket hanging down from them.

She was conscious of only two sensations—fear to go on, and the feeling that to be faithful she must go on.

Jock walked round her, poking about in the grass in the hopes of ferreting out a rabbit. She could not see a yard in front of her, and every moment the mist seemed to grow thicker.

"Oh!" she cried, speaking unconsciously aloud, "I must go on. I must do my errand; I must do it. They all trust me. How could I face them all again if I failed. I promised. They would laugh at me if I broke my promise. I know I'm not much good. Somehow they won't let me do anything but run errands and wash up the plates. But I must be faithful in these little things. That's what the Curate said last Sunday. It's all I can be—just be faithful."

But even as she spoke her disordered mind pictured dreadful things that might happen to her in this desolate place. She knew she might wander and wander all night, and she knew it would be almost impossible for anyone to find her again until the thick fog lifted. She dimly recollected a story of someone who had starved up there, and for a moment it seemed as if her feet would run home in spite of herself.

But suppose the fog lifted, she thought. She knew this might happen at any minute, and the sun be shining again, and she thought of how her uncle would be wanting his dinner, and how they might laugh at her in the village for her fright.

The poor girl could not reason. If she had been able she would have known it was madness to try and find her way in that fog.

"Dear Lord," she said, "help me to do my errands and find my way. It's all I know, how to be faithful in my errands."

Then she lingered no longer. She went straight along the little track that led through the furze bushes to the right. The fog closed round her like a shroud, and it grew thicker and thicker as she descended into the valley. Jock followed at her heels. He had given up his hunting. Even the rabbits went indoors in that sort of weather, so he followed quietly at his mistress's heels.

Rhoda could not get over her dread of the darkness and solitude. It was a terrible sensation to her. For a long time she knew she was going in the right direction, and hope began to rise through her despair. She knew her way well enough on a fine day. She had spent many a hour there at her uncle's side whilst he was cutting down the long grass and bracken as litter for the farm.

Suddenly her foot tripped in a little ant hill. She tried to recover herself, but failed, and in another moment she was on her knees on the damp grass. She was frightened at the suddenness of the fall, and when she got up she began to run.

"Uncle Reuben!" she cried, "Uncle Reuben!" but no answer came. Still the girl kept on. Indeed it would have been impossible for her to go back then if she had wanted to. Her mind was full of fear, that her aunt would never trust her again, that the neighbours would not let her post their letters.

At this thought she began to cry in a wild hysterical way, but she went on running, sobbing as she went, and calling out brokenly:

"Uncle, uncle, oh, dear Uncle Ruby, where are you?"

Thus running, suddenly her feet lost their hold for the second time. She stepped off somewhere, she went down—she did not know how far. She thought she was dreaming she was falling out of her swing. She seemed to go on falling and falling and falling, and it was very pleasant.

* * * *

At the farm-house Mother Kimbo had seen the fog rolling over the brow; but she had not felt uneasy until the time when she knew that Rhoda ought to have returned. Rhoda never lingered on an errand.

Mrs. Kimbo put on her bonnet and went and stood at the door to listen for Jock's bark. He always barked when he came near home.

Noon passed and yet no Rhoda came. John had come back from the station. "I always said I thought she better hadn't go," he said by way of consolation, and then relapsed into his usual silence.

"She's lost in the fog," said Mrs. Kimbo slowly. "You rouse all the neighbours. We must scour the Downs. I'll go with ye. I'll find her fore I go to bed to-night, or"—and the poor woman broke off. "Oh, I might have known—I might have known," she cried half beside herself with fear. "I'll find her before I ever sleep again."

"Mother, mother, do be calm," said John. "Of course we'll find her."

"I *be* calm," said Mrs. Kimbo with a lump that she could not keep from her throat. She turned and walked into the house. She put on her boots and pinned a quaint many-coloured shawl over her head. Then she placed a bottle of milk in her pocket.

While this was going on John had run down to the village to call all the neighbours who could come. And it wanted quite a small army as they all knew well enough to scour those Downs in a fog like that. The neighbours gladly came to help. There was not one of them that did not love Rhoda.

Within half an hour a line of men, women, and boys might have been seen creeping stealthily over the brow of the hills.

They had hardly begun their search when they heard a dog barking; and in the fog at their very feet appeared Jock wet and draggled, but piteously eager.

They followed him as fast as their legs would carry them until he stopped at a deep ditch that had been cut to drain the rain water. There the girl lay very white and still, with her head against a stone. Great drops of blood were standing like dew upon her forehead, and her clean starched linen gown was sodden with the mist.

They carried her tenderly home on a hurdle, and called for the doctor at once. The wound on the head was only a contusion, and that was not severe. He looked long and earnestly at the white face. She opened her eyes, looking at the doctor in a way that made his heart bound. As he turned away he said softly, "I dare not tell you what I hope."

The next day Rhoda was sitting up, languid but improving. Her vague look was gone. Jock lay with his head in her lap the whole time. Everyone tried to spoil him. He took it all as his due. He had behaved nobly, and his shaggy breast swelled at the thought. He was a conceited dog was Jock.

Each day Rhoda's face grew brighter. Mother Kimbo prayed tremblingly in her room.

Strength returned slowly to the girl, but it did return. The second fall had undone the first. Yes, she was once more like other girls, only better and dearer, her aunt thought.

"There's providence in it," she said, wiping her eyes. "If she hadn't been faithful, I expect she wouldn't have tried to do that errand, and if she hadn't she wouldn't have got that last fall and been cured."

"So you've been practising at the skating rink, eh?" said a friend to Simpkins.

"Yes," he admitted, "I have."

"Well, how do you take to the rollers?"

"Oh, I've no objection to the rollers. They're all right. It's the chalk on the floor I object to. It's so hard to brush off."

Going it Blind.—Mrs. Henpecker (with terrible majesty): "What are you fumbling for so long at that keyhole?"

Mr. Henpecker (trembling in every limb): "My love, you know I can't see without my glasses."

Mrs. Henpecker: "Glasses! You've had enough glasses to see twenty keyholes."

Abracadabra is the word that can be formed with the letters

C R R A A A A A B B D.

Pencil-cases have been forwarded to the following persons:—

T. W. Saunders, 4, Alresford Road, Clapham, S.W.; W. Lloyd, Saddler, 17, Charles Street, Wrexham; C. Wheeley, Princes Road, Weybridge; W. S. Diggins, 67, Oldham Road, Chatham, Kent; F. Buckle, 105, Longside Lane, Bradford; J. C. Wilsol, 56, Darnley Road, Gravesend; B. Horne, 60, High Street, Tring, Herts; A. King, 22, Stone Street, Maidstone; Mrs. Williams, 42, Alexandra Road, Cardiff; J. W. Cunningham, Bookstall, Railway, West Croydon; L. T. Bertwistle, 3, Blackburn Road, Padiham, Lancashire; G. Smith, 6, Copthall Court, E.C.; Miss C. J. Cain, Leicester House, Station Street, Burton-on-Trent; W. T. Davey, The Union Workhouse, Saint-Columb, Cornwall; W. Banks, 3, Wightman Road, Harringay; T. F. Wilton, "At Home," Margate Road, Southsea; G. D. Hutchings, 4, Monmouth Road, Abergavenny, Mon.; W. J. Buckler, Queen's Road, Clarendon Park, Leicester; J. Murphy, 379, Old Ford Road, Bow; E. C. Hatton, 26, High Street, Macclesfield; W. J. Buscomb, 50, Wine Street, Bristol; C. F. Randall, 88, Paulet Road, Camberwell, S.E.; W. J. Broomham, 9, Church Road, Tottenham; N. H. Whitworth, 228, Waterloo Road, Hightown, Manchester; Miss F. Betts, Post Office, Silverhill, St. Leonards; J. W. Shaw, Shillington, Hitchin; Miss S. K. Downey, 11, Magowan Terrace, Ranelagh, Dublin; A. B. Barrow, 251, New Hall Lane, Preston; G. Wharlow, 1, Clarence Houses, Middle Deal, Kent; H. B. Ramsay, 21, Dresden Road, Crouch End; Miss E. Dudley, 7, Walmer Peace, Stockport Road, Longsight; G. Hall, 23, Exmouth Street, Stepney; W. Baird, 7, Washington Street, Glasgow; T. S. Magnay, 22, Cambourne Grove, Gateshead; M. Robinson, 4, Beckett's Road, Doncaster; R. Vyvyan, Loch Lomond, Sandown, Isle of Wight; J. Nix, 6, Terminus Road, Eastbourne; T. R. Flood, 44, High Street, Crediton; G. K. Deakin, Dacre House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.; S. Fairburn, 1, Shakespear Terrace, Sunderland; Sergeant G. Morgan, 15 Company, Southern Division, Royal Artillery, Fort Fareham; B. Jacques, 143, Bellingham Terrace, Wigan; A. Stokes, 9, Dora Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; Col.-Sergt. W. J. Thompson, 92, Upper Hill Street, Liverpool; J. R. Ray, Springwell Terrace, Northallerton; A. E. Chalomer, Kenwyn House, Torquay; W. Harris, 15, Rosslyn Terrace, Sunderland; W. E. Harradence, 82, Sherman Road, Reading; S. J. Luke, 80, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne; F. Webster, 9, Station Hill, Kidderminster.

Did you enjoy yourself at Easter? If so, spare a trifle for the Fresh-Air Fund——

FALSE TEETH LENGTHEN LIFE.

"Very few people," said a dentist, "realise how much our profession has done for mankind.

"To mention one thing only, the perfection to which the manufacture of false teeth has been carried has practically abolished old age—that is, old age in the sense that I used to know it.

"You see none of the helpless, mumbling old men and women that you formerly did. This is not because people do not attain the age their parents and grandparents reached, but because the dentist has prevented some of the most unpleasant consequences of advancing years.

"Men of seventy no longer either look or feel old, because they are not deprived of nourishing food at the time when they need it most.

"Estimates have been made showing that the average length of life has been increased from four to six years by the general use of false teeth."

THE AMERICAN GIRL AND HERBERT SPENCER.

Here is a good story about Herbert Spencer, the truthfulness of which is vouchsafed. It seems that Mr. Spencer was at a West End reception last spring. There were many notables present, as it happened, and Mr. Spencer was being lionized more than usual. During the afternoon a young woman, superbly dressed, entered the drawing-rooms. She was presented to Mr. Spencer, her host telling her, *sotto voce*, that "Mr. Spencer is the famous author, of whom you have doubtless heard." The girl was an American.

"Dear me, Mr. Spencer, I am so glad to see you; I just love authors and poets. They're so jolly, you know."

Mr. Spencer is a modest man of gentle voice and feminine grace. He was unprepared for this onslaught of the young woman's. But she took him by the arm and hastened off to a corner with her prey. It was only for a moment, however. The conversation was brief, but it was interesting.

"Oh, Mr. Spencer, I must tell," went on the young lady, "I've read all your books; I know them by heart. It makes me laugh so much to read them. Your situations are so funny, and your climaxes so dramatic. Then you are not like our authors. Your heroines are not all alike, and the men are so charming. They make love so real; and oh, Mr. Spencer, do you know your dialogue is very funny? Your name is like a household word in our home. Don't you ever get tired of writing?"

The young woman stopped. She had to. She was short of breath. Mr. Spencer looked at her in amazement. His face flushed. He could not find his voice, but he arose all of a tremble, bowed politely, turned to the hostess, and hoarsely gasped: "She's mad! mad as a March hare! Don't let her come near me again!" And the young lady didn't know, until her hostess informed her of the fact, that Herbert Spencer was not that kind of author.

JAMAICA PIRATES.

Pirates and their bloodthirsty deeds have furnished so often the plot and theme for the melodramatist and the penny novelist, that one hesitates to write about them in sober earnest.

But they are no myths in Jamaica, and no account of Jamaica's past, however brief, can omit a reference to the part they played in its history, especially as the most dreadful calamity that ever visited the island is connected with them.

The Jamaican pirates generally sought to throw over their maranding and pillaging expeditions the sanction of legal authority by obtaining letters of marque, but they were, nevertheless, pirates pure and simple.

One chief after another scoured the Spanish main, capturing vessels—usually Spanish—on the high seas; and, when the ocean did not offer enough to satisfy his cupidity and love of adventure, attacked cities and towns, laying waste with fire and sword, and committing horrible cruelties.

Nothing was sacred to these human fiends, and yet they were tolerated for many years by the Jamaican authorities.

The island profited by their expeditions, and the last half of the seventeenth century witnessed a prosperity as great as it was wicked and demoralising.

Port Royal was the capital of the pirate empire, and the Marooners filled it with wealth and debauchery. There they maintained, in semi-barbaric state, their great establishments. They lived like men who, with the wealth of princes, did not know when they might die, and who had no fear of God or man. Imagination can hardly picture the character of the populace of that little city, nor the life within its walls.

To it came the reckless, the desperate, the men skilled in villainy. With them they brought the spoils of richly-laden Spanish galleons bound home with silver and gold, the ransoms of cities and whole provinces, and fleets of merchant vessels freighted with rich stuffs from all the markets of the world.

All this, and more, was poured into Port Royal, and was spent with a lavishness and extravagance that is possible only with treasure bought at so slight a cost as that of human life.

Nothing seemed lacking to make it the wickedest place on earth; yet vengeance apparently passed it by.

But it was only for a season.

One day the earth opened, and in two minutes the city, its palaces, and its hovels, lay at the bottom of the sea.

Thousands of the inhabitants perished with their ill-gotten gains, and the unburied dead, floating in the harbour or heaped upon the land, under a tropical sun, bred a horrible pestilence that carried off thousands of those who escaped the earthquake.

To-day the waters of the bay hide from sight the ancient city.

Was ever retributive justice more terrible or complete?

Romantic and exciting as were the lives of these buccaneers, that of Henry Morgan, the greatest of the freebooters, was the most so.

From a white slave in the Barbadoes, where he had been sold into servitude, he became, first, the most daring and successful of the pirates, and later a knight, and, as lieutenant-governor of Jamaica, the ruler of that island.

At the sacking of Panama he obtained 175 mule loads of treasure.

The governor who gave him his commission was recalled for that act, but Morgan was knighted, and, as Sir Henry, turned his back upon his former companions, and made a most popular governor of the colony.

ALL HERS.

He took her hand in his, and poured into her ear the soft sweet story, told over and over again since the world was young. She smiled into his trusting face.

"I love you so!" he whispered.

"Do you?" she murmured. "Then I will remain so."

"Do you love me?" he inquired.

"Don't ask me conundrums," she replied.

"But I love you, darling," he went on, "and I have given you my whole heart. I have kept none of it back. It is all yours, all yours."

"Mine to do just as I like with?" she asked, in the sweet simplicity of girl-womanhood.

"Yes, darling."

"Then I shall give it to Mary Martin. She wants it, I know, and I haven't got any use for yours and Bob Brown's too, and Bob gave me his last night."

WHERE ADVERTISING DOESN'T PAY.

The habits of the advertiser differ very slightly throughout the universe. He has but one object in view, and that is generally to attract the attention of those who will be likely to buy his goods. Now, a man cannot fully appreciate the value of an advertisement unless he can read it, and as the vast majority of the Russian lower classes cannot delineate what appears on posters and sign-boards, the Russian merchant has come to the conclusion that advertising doesn't pay.

Therefore, the streets of St. Petersburg and the other large cities are practically free from the scourge of hoardings and sandwich men, while the newspapers contain only advertisements of those articles that appeal to the more cultured classes.

So far as signs over the doors of shops are concerned, the merchant calls in the services of the artist, who portrays in brilliant colours what is for sale within. Thus, a corn chandler will have a truss of hay in the doorway, with pictures of corpulent horses and happy-looking cows on either side.

The painter seems to aim rather at explanatory figuration than at artistic production. Over the window of one establishment in Moscow is painted the image of a bare-armed man engaged in shaving a gaunt-looking individual who sits painfully rigid in a chair, while opposite him, beneath the razor of another man, sits a lady with outstretched arm, from which the blood is flowing more than copiously. Between the two, and in the background, sits a third man on a stool, displaying a self-satisfied smile on his open-mouthed countenance, with a pair of huge pincers half concealed down his throat.

This weird combination is intended to convey the significance that the owner of the establishment combines the professions of barber, surgeon, and dentist.

Other signs are painted after the same fashion. Those on dairy shops are represented by cows with maids or men milking them; tea-shops have gaudily dressed Chinamen sipping the beverage with evident relish; while occasionally you come across an establishment, the front of which is covered with rude reproductions of the articles that go to make up the stock in trade of a general dealer.

SECOND GREAT WRITING COMPETITION.

LAST NOTICE.

A CHANCE FOR YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN.

£100 IN PRIZES.

£100 is offered in 70 Prizes for the Best Specimens of Handwriting under the following conditions:—

I. Men's Ordinary Handwriting, £25 in Prizes.
II. Ladies' " " " "
III. Children's Ordinary Handwriting, under 12 years of age, £25 in Prizes.
IV. Children's Ordinary Handwriting, between 12 and 16 years of age, £25 in Prizes.

In Classes I. and II. the Prizes will be divided each into Two of £5, and Fifteen of £1.

In Classes III. and IV. there will be One Prize of £5, One of £2, One of £2, and Fifteen of £1 under each head.

Fuller particulars appeared last week.

Competition Closes Wednesday, April 19th.

Brutally Stupid.—Miss de Vere: "Ours is a very old family, Mr. Bloo."

Mr. Bloo: "So I perceive. Have you no brothers or sisters younger than yourself?"

She: "You don't mind my talking so much, do you?"

He: "No, indeed; but (facetiously) I may mind after we are married."

She: "But I shan't mind if you do."

"Mamma says you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth."

Homely Heiress: "That means I was born rich."

Little Boy (after closer inspection): "Was it a tablespoon?"

"What are you doin', you young rascal?" said a farmer to a remarkably small boy on finding him under a tree in his orchard with an apple in his hand.

"Please, sir, I was only goin' to put this ere apple back on the tree, sir; it had fallen down, sir."

"A scientist named Mivart will soon issue a work on the cat," says a literary paper. We have done that already. It was a heavy copy of Shakespeare's plays, and we issued it from a third-storey window, and it took her right between the shoulders, and we hope it broke her back.

When a certain Liverpool young lady parts from her young man, who is too bashful to understand the nicer usages of his position, she will say:

"William, if you were to kiss me, you might be afraid ma would hear it; but if I creak the gate she won't know the difference."

"Oh, no, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, "you may think my life all sunshine, but it ain't. Wherever I go I am beset with dangers. It fact, ma'am, I carry my life in my hands."

"Ah, I see," exclaimed the temporary hostess. "That accounts for your not washing your hands. You don't dare to do it for fear you'll drown yourself."

"I got my start in life through picking up a pin in the street. I had been refused employment by a banker, and on my way out I saw a pin and"——

"Oh, what a chestnut! I've heard of that boy so often. The banker was impressed by your carefulness and called you back and made you his secretary at a salary of £500 a year."

"No. I saw the pin and picked it up, and sold it for £100. It was a diamond pin."

Lord Tennyson used to tell how an urchin in Lincoln once got the better of him in a perfectly legitimate way. He was looking for a certain chemist's shop one morning, and, meeting a lad, he said: "My boy, may I inquire where M——'s shop is?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, in a very respectful and solemn manner.

"Well," said Lord Tennyson, after waiting a while, "where is it?"

"I haven't the least idea," replied the boy in the same respectful and solemn manner.

CONTENTS BILL COMPETITION.

We offer First and Second prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea to those persons who shall send the best set of thirteen contents bills for *Pearson's Weekly* other than those which have already been issued. Competitors should be careful to remember that if the idea of a bill is to strike the eye it must contain very few words, and those not too long, while if the bill consists of a considerable amount of matter this must be of quite an out-of-the-way nature. Competitions should reach here by April 12 at latest, with the envelopes marked Bill.

Each of the thirteen bills should be written on a separate slip of paper, and it will facilitate the process of award if they are set out in the same sort of way as they would appear when printed.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1375. Do any Members of the Vegetable Kingdom indulge in Hopping or Dancing?

The fruits and spores of some plants may be said to dance. For instance, each minute spore of the common horse-tail is enveloped by two spiral bands, which roll round the spore when damp, and unroll on becoming dry. Hence if the spores be breathed upon they dance up and down. The fruits of a Mexican *Sebastiana*, and of a Mediterranean *Tamarix*, execute hopping movements, occasioned by insect larvæ which lie inside them. Each fruit-spikelet of the grass, *Avena sterilis*, has two long slender awns, which are bent in a knee-like fashion. When moistened, the two awns rotate in opposite directions, till they meet and press against each other. Eventually the pressure becomes so considerable that they violently slip past each other, thus causing the whole structure to jump. A repetition of these movements causes the spikelet to dance over the ground.

1381. Which British Author, now regarded as Classic, has Written the Worst Book from the Literary Point of View?

Boswell, who wrote the "Life of Samuel Johnson," which has become a British classic, and is declared by Macaulay to be one of the best books in the world. Yet that writer says that there is not in Boswell's book a single remark of his own on literature, politics, religion, or society which is not either commonplace or absurd. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting in him. He had, indeed, a quick observation, and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but because he was a dunce, a parasite, a coxcomb, they have made him immortal. These are hard words, but scarcely to be denied. Yet Boswell's fame is great and lasting. As Macaulay puts it, "it is fame of a peculiar kind, and, indeed, marvellously resembles infamy." The book has become a classic, but it is certainly one of the worst of books from a literary point of view.

1382. Which Law now on the British Statute-book is the most Palpably Ridiculous?

It appears ridiculous that any law should exist regulating British subjects in the matter of eating. Yet there is such an Act of Parliament still on the Statute-book, which was enacted in the reign of Edward III. It prohibited anyone from being served, at dinner or supper, with more than two courses, except upon some great holidays there specified, on which he might be served with three. The Act has never been repealed, and is therefore still in force. There is another and almost gruesome absurdity in the English law as it at present stands, for it positively discourages the saving of the lives from drowning. There is no reward legally payable for getting a drowning person out of the water alive, yet there is a fee paid for the recovery of the dead body. A very absurd Scotch law declares an infant to have been born dead unless it has cried, despite the fact that it may have moved and breathed for hours.

1383. Are all the Five Senses Equally Developed at Birth?

No. The only sense which is really developed to any extent at birth is that of touch—not the sense of pain, but the purely tactile sense of feeling. At birth there is but a very slight development of smell and taste, and they are frequently confounded. Sounds are appreciable from the second day onwards. The sense of sight, though the stimulus of light is appreciable at birth, is the most tardy in development. Towards the fourth or fifth week the movements of convergence and accommodation are noticeable, but it is not until about four months that colours are distinguished.

1384. Which British Industry still pursued is in the most Crude Condition?

The reply would seem to lie between salt-making and wicker-working, which are to-day carried on by processes which practically differ in no degree from the methods employed from the earliest antiquity. It is true that steam pumping machinery is used in salt-making; but the salt is still dissolved out of the wells by fresh water, and again evaporated from it. This is the essential process, and it has not varied since men first led sea-water into shallow tanks on the seashore, and allowed the sun to evaporate it so that they might pick up the salt. Wicker-working is practically still as it was when the ancient Britons plaited their wattles into baskets, and covered them with skins to make their coracles. If type-setting may be called an industry of itself, it also may be mentioned as one which, as regards the vastly greater part of its area, is exactly as it was when printing with movable type was introduced into Europe five centuries and a half ago. The type-setting machine will probably one day revolutionise the industry, but over 90 per cent. of the work is still done by hand, just as it was in the days of Gutenberg.

1385. Which is the Heaviest War Indemnity that this Country has Exacted from an Enemy?

It is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding her generally victorious career, both on land and sea, Britain has never exacted a really large war indemnity from the enemy. But she has steadily pursued those methods which have resulted in a growth of territory. Against the enormous levy of two hundred million pounds paid by France to Germany at the close of the Franco-German War of 1870-71, Britain never exacted a larger sum than four and a quarter millions sterling, and that was when the war with China closed in 1842. In addition to this, China also surrendered Hong Kong and opened five ports to our merchants. If territory can be reckoned as a war indemnity, then we have to consider the value of such an acquisition as Canada or India. But as for money, Britain has never made large pecuniary demands upon conquered powers.

1386. Which Manufactured Article calls the Greatest Number of Separate Trades into play before it is fit for Market?

A somewhat similar question has already been answered by mentioning the lever watch, which employs forty sub-trades in making. That, however, is not the answer to this question, for these sub-trades all, or nearly all, come under the heading of mechanics or metal-working. As employing the largest number of *separate* trades, the watch cannot be compared with the illustrated book or periodical, especially when the illustrations are printed in colours. This is in the strictest sense of the word a manufactured article, and careful reflection will show that there is hardly a trade or branch of human industry which does not, directly or indirectly, essentially contribute to its production. The manufacture of the paper, type, and ink employs a long series of trades from wood-cutting to practical chemistry, and from mining to the highest forms of engineering. Printing, binding, cutting, and lettering have also to be considered with their allied industries, and altogether it may be said that there are very few trades which in one way or another have not a share in the production of a complete volume illustrated in colours.

1387. Do we Possess a Single Sense that is Thoroughly Reliable?

Physiologists are agreed, and ordinary observation supports the opinion, that man does not possess a single sense which is thoroughly reliable. The sense of sight, apparently the most trustworthy, is really the sense most readily deceived. The eye is subject to "after-sensation"—that is, sensation lasting longer than the stimulus producing it, resulting in a second and possibly distorted image of the object seen. It is also liable to "subjective-sensations," whence we have phantasmagoria, "colour-blindness," and various other hallucinations and illusions. The sense of hearing, subject also to the influence of "after-sensation" and "subjective-sensation," is likewise too apt to be affected by outside influences, and be deceived in distance, tone, and cause. Taste and smell are acknowledgedly not reliable, even when combined. That the sense of feeling is equally unreliable requires but small proof. Cross the third and middle fingers, place between the crossed ends a pea, and on rolling it with the eyes closed two peas will be distinctly felt. Lastly, every sense breaks down under long-continued stimulus, and either does not respond at all or does so in a confused and wholly unreliable manner.

1388. Which was the most Important Kiss in Profane History?

That by which Henry IV. of Germany signified his submission to Pope Gregory the Seventh after he had stood at Canossa, a penitent, in white raiment, barefooted in the snow, in January, 1077. This "kiss of peace" signified the most memorable triumph that the Church of Rome ever gained over the temporal power, and sealed the establishment of a spiritual autocracy which impressed itself on every page of European history for more than five hundred years. That power was formally defined in the third Lateran Council as follows:—"The Roman Pontiff can alone be called universal; he alone has a right to use imperial ornaments; princes are bound to kiss his feet, and his only; he has a right to depose emperors, and his sentence can be annulled by none, but he may annul the decrees of all. The Roman Church has been, is, and will continue to be infallible. Whoever dissents from it ceases to be a Catholic Christian, and subjects may be absolved from their allegiance to wicked princes." These tremendous pretensions were practically granted when Henry knelt before Gregory and kissed his feet, after a long and desperate struggle to oppose the Papal claim to autocracy. Had Henry never been forced to give that kiss of submission, the subsequent history of Europe, and therefore of the world, would have been entirely different.

1390. Which is the most Coveted Decoration, Civil or Military, in the World?

According to the constitution of human nature, this will naturally be the one which the general consensus of authorities on such subjects place first in dignity and antiquity. This is the British Order of the Garter, instituted on January 18, 1344, in honour of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. George of Cappadocia, and St. Edward the Confessor. There is no other order in the world the entrance to which is so jealously guarded both by regulations, tradition, and discretion on the part of the bestower as that of the Garter, and therefore it may be said to be the most coveted. There are at present only fifty Knights of the Garter, including Sovereigns. Next comes the Austrian Order of the Golden Fleece, instituted in 1429. Third in rank would probably come the Italian Order of the Annunziata, or, according to some authorities, the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle, the highest honour that can be conferred on a German subject. The Order can only be entered through another, that of the Red Eagle, and it is limited, exclusive of princes of the blood royal, to thirty knights, who must prove noble descent for four generations. One reason why the Garter stands above all others is the fact that, though it is the highest honour in the greatest Empire in the world, it can be reached from any position in Society, as witness the career of the late Lord Beaconsfield. The great Orders of other countries are only open to those of noble birth.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1411. Would it, on the whole, be a gain or a loss to Society to suppress the publication of criminal news?

1412. To which sense do we owe the most vivid recollections of the past?

1413. Has any parody in English literature become famous independently of its original?

1414. Which is the earliest recorded case of suicide?

1415. Concerning which event in British history do standard historians give the most conflicting accounts?

1416. Which athletic "record" has remained unbroken for the longest period?

1417. In what country are lawyers liable to be punished if their clients lose their cases?

1418. Do any animals cultivate vegetables?

1419. Which is the most singularly fulfilled prophecy in profane history?

1420. The temperature of our blood is about 100°, but a room at that heat would be uncomfortably hot. Why is this?

CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

In view of the large number of people who will visit this Exhibition the

OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD.

have decided to issue an *Insurance Ticket* covering *Death and Disablement* resulting from *Accident* during:—

Railway Journey in Great Britain.
Voyage, in passenger steamship, from Great Britain to United States and Canada.
Travelling and Residence in the United States and Canada.
Return Voyage.

The Insurance to hold good for six months. Premium £2 (Two Pounds) for £500 in the event of fatal accident, and £3 per week during temporary total disablement (up to 26 weeks).

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The Corporation, in consequence of large increase in business, have secured more commodious premises at

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.,

which will be their address on and after March 15th

Readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY please note.

The "Straight Talk" in "Society News" this week is with the Public Prosecutor.

WHERE ARE WICKED FOLK BURIED?

"TELL me, grey-haired sexton," said I,
"Where in the field are the wicked folk laid?
I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,
And studied the epitaphs, old and new,
But on monument, obelisk, pillar, or stone
I read no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on a spade:
"Who is the judge when the soul takes its flight?
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbour was wicked who died to-day?"

"In our journey through life, the farther we speed,
The better we learn that humility's need
Is charity's spirit that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.

"Therefore good deeds we record on these stones;
The evil men do, let it rest with their bones;
I have laboured as sexton this many a year,
But I never have buried a bad man here."

MOSES' THUMB.

A YOUNG lady applied for a class in a Sunday-school a few weeks ago, and the superintendent promptly placed her in charge of that doubtful honour—the infant class. The new teacher went on pretty well until she ventured on the thin ice known as "general questioning."

"Now, children," she said, with that extremely vivacious manner which is popularly supposed to fascinate young children, "what did Moses do?" The infant mind worked on the problem for a few moments in silence. "Come, dears," said the young teacher encouragingly, "someone tell me what Moses did?"

A very small boy on the fidgety back row seemed to be struggling with a reply.

"What is it, William?" she urged.

"Hith thumb weighed a pound."

"What?" asked the astonished teacher.

"My marmer says so."

"Says what, Willie?" demanded the perplexed teacher, while the class stopped fidgeting, and listened intently.

"She says every time Moses puts his thumb on the scales it weighs a pound."

"Who is Moses, Willie?"

"He's our butcher, mith."

THE WHOLESOME INFLUENCE OF CRICKET.

CRICKET is essentially a democratic game, and it knows no class distinction whatever. The parson and the blacksmith, the squire and the farmer, meet on equal terms.

The schoolmaster must not take offence if he is bowled for a duck's egg by his pupil; the churchwarden and the parish clerk must forget their differences when they are in the cricket field, and the gamekeeper must "handle" the willow to the bowling of young Sloggins, who has an evil reputation as a poacher. Cricket, like love, levels all.

They meet together, they sit together, they lunch together in the tent or at the "Blue Boar" in the village, and, depend upon it, life in small communities goes the easier for these meetings, not in the relations of master and servant, but of man and man.

The real cricket enthusiast is never weary of watching this delightful game. It becomes to him something sacred. It is a solemn rite, which may not be lightly trifled with.

Even when the limbs have lost their elasticity, and a second waist has asserted itself, and the eyes are dim and the wrist fails in strength, there is no greater pleasure on earth to the old cricketer than to sit hour after hour on an idle holiday watching a good cricket match.

The heretic who takes a book or a newspaper on to the ground during a cricket match has not been thoroughly initiated into the rites of cricket. It is impossible to be dull, difficult to feel idle, on one of those glorious summer days that are devoted heart and soul to the contemplation of the game.

The cricketer, like the fisherman and the actor, does not disdain a little "shop." He loves to fight old battles over again, and he is dead on statistics. To the true cricketer his brother enthusiast is never a bore at all. That were impossible.

A fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind, and life seems happier when, with an old familiar pipe in the mouth, the sun shining, the wicket good, and the cricketers first-class, the old school and the young school settle down to a rapt contemplation of the noblest game in all the world.

WHY DO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT WEAR HATS IN THE HOUSE?

DURING the reign of John, a difference between that King and Philip II. of France arose concerning the sovereignty of Normandy.

An agreement was made to settle the matter in a way then common, by single combat.

John Earl of Ulster was the English champion, and so signally worsted his antagonist that the king desired him to name his own reward.

He requested that he and his heirs might for ever have the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of royalty.

It was granted, and for some years John alone enjoyed this novel right; but after the barons had extorted the charter from John they demanded the same privilege, which later was claimed also by the knights of the shire, who represented boroughs in Parliament.

In the House the members are, constructively, in the presence of the throne, and so remain covered.

DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED.

DURING a battle an officer had to send a messenger across an opening where the bullets were flying dangerously. He selected a very brave man and cautioned him as to his peril, telling him to ride for his life on reaching the open field.

The officer watched him through his field-glass, saw him fling himself behind the flank of his horse for safety, and finally saw him drop from the steed as if mortally wounded. A second man was sent safely on the same errand, while the wounded soldier was cared for. He had merely fainted.

On coming to, he found the surgeon at work over him, and anxionaly inquired as to the precise nature of the wound. He was told by the surgeon that he had been hit hard and that the injured part could never be made whole again.

"But rest easy," said the doctor, "for the shot only took effect—in the *canteen!*"

The man had not been injured in the least, but had been deceived by the flowing of the contents of his cherished canteen, which, under the circumstances, he naturally mistook for his heart's blood.

The soldier is living yet to laugh over his ludicrous mishap.

ROYAL HOTEL-KEEPERS.

To meet with persons in whose veins courses the blood of kings carrying out self-inflicted and beneficial work in a creditable manner, you have to turn off the route followed by the ordinary tourist and scale the heights of the Bavarian Alps.

Three thousand feet above the sea level, on the side of the Hohlenstein, two hours' journey from Munich and within walking distance of the Tyrol, nestles the tiny village of Wildbad Kreuth.

It is the oldest of the many old Alpine resorts, finding its origin with the Benedictine monks of the eighth century. These holy brothers, whose head-quarters were at Tegernsee, obtained possession of all the land at Kreuth, and soon afterwards discovered the healing propensities contained by a little sulphur spring in the vicinity, by the side of which they erected a small hospital on the Hohlenstein Plateau. To this place they sent up all the members of the Order who were out of sorts.

After a time the building was pulled down and a larger one erected, utilised for the same purpose until 1803, when, on the dissolution of the Benedictines, it was turned into a farmhouse.

King Max of Bavaria purchased it in 1818, restored the old Badhaus, and erected another of a similar kind.

During his life the place was utilised as a convalescent home for the poor, and on his death it passed into the hands of his widow, with the stipulation that a certain number of destitute people should be hospitably entertained there annually.

This was all very well, but the ex-Queen found it difficult to get sufficient funds to carry out the conditions under which the property came into her hands. So, together with her son, she had the buildings all brightened up, engaged a first-rate manager together with a capable chef, and provided accommodation for three hundred persons.

The opening of this place as a hotel was announced in Munich and throughout South Germany generally early in the spring, with the result that in a short time all the rooms were engaged for the season.

For three months in the year Kreuth is thronged with visitors, who act in regard to behaviour and payment just as if they were at any ordinary health resort. The Duke Karl Theodor, grandson of King Max, and present owner of Kreuth, drives over every day during the season to see that things are going along smoothly, while his brother, Prince Ludwig, lives at the hotel acting as host to the numerous and distinguished guests.

In order to cut down working expenses to their lowest possible limit, the Duke rears his own cattle, grinds his own corn, and has even now turned a wing of his palace into a brewery.

The profits of the concern, which during June, July, and August amount to a large sum, are disposed of in a right royal fashion. On the first of September every year the ordinary guests are cleared out. As the last one disappears a number of strange-looking men begin to arrive. Most of them bear hungry careworn expressions on their faces. They are literary hacks earning just sufficient to keep them alive, artists whose paintings are still in their studios, ex-officers who have only their half pay to live on; in fact, men of the class to whom a holiday is a necessity yet hitherto an impossibility.

During the summer months Duke Karl and his agents have been hunting up these people, and inviting them to partake of his hospitality during the autumn. They are housed and fed in comfortable style, enjoy the fresh air and charming surroundings for three weeks, then make room for another batch of a similar kind.

This sort of thing goes on until the snow begins to fall, when the hotel is shut up until the early spring. After a few more parties of those in need of gratuitous holidays, the summer season once more commences for the wealthy classes, who unintentionally supply the funds for the next autumn's treats.

Irrespective of its princely owner, Kreuth seems permeated with the odour of Royalty. Until recently the Empress of Austria, who is a sister to Duke Karl Theodor, was a regular patroniser of the hotel; the ex-Queen of Naples goes there, and so do the King of Würtemburg, the Orleanist Princes, the Princess Frederica of Hanover, and the Duke of Cumberland; while as for the members of the Bavarian Royal family itself, some one or other of them is always there.

Every guest, whether he be a South German peasant or a king, is treated in the same courteous manner by Prince Ludwig and his brother, whose private revenue is very much limited, but who devotes all the profits accruing from his profession of oculist to the maintenance of the huge eye hospitals that he has established at Tegern and Meran.

A SOFT ANSWER.—"Jane, I saw that policeman speak to you. That's the third policeman I've seen speaking to you this morning. I can't allow that."

"No, ma'am. But the policemen always do admire baby so; they can't 'elp stopping and askin' about 'im. They all say as they never see such a fine child."

DANGEROUS GROUND.—He: "Jolly conservatory, Miss Matchems, isn't it?"

She: "Yes; quite renowned for the number of proposals that have been made here——"

He: "H'm—yes. By-the-bye, they're beginning the waltz."

She: "It was here that Charlie Gudgeon proposed to Miss Pyke. They were sitting here, just as we are now, and he said, quite abruptly, just as you might say to me, 'Will you be mine?' and she said, as I might say to you——"

He: "Ah, yes—quite so; but hadn't we better have a spin round?"

Seventy-five claims have been paid.

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ACCIDENTS

ACCORDING TO CONDITIONS GIVEN BELOW,

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.

£25 INSURANCE COUPON. **£10**

£25 *will be paid by the above Corporation to the Legal Representatives of any person killed by an accident to the train, steamboat, Tramway, Omnibus, or other public conveyance in which he or she was travelling as a passenger, or while walking on any street or public road within the United Kingdom as a private individual, should death result within one month after such injury, and the like amount will be paid should such injury not prove fatal, but result in the complete and irrecoverable loss of sight in both eyes, or the loss by actual separation of two legs, two arms, or a leg and an arm.*

£10 *will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as above defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.*

£5 *will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg while engaged in playing Football, or while Cycling.*

Provided in all above cases that the person so killed or injured was the owner of this Insurance Coupon, with his or her usual signature written underneath, when the accident on which the claim is based occurred.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Rules No. 2, 3, 5, and 6."

This Insurance is limited to One Coupon for each holder, and is not invalidated by any Insurance (other than Coupon) with this or any other Accident Company, but is in addition thereto.

Notice of Claim must be made to MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, *Temple Chambers, London, E.C., within seven days of the accident.*

Signature _____

(See column 3, page 619.)

Available from the morning of April 8th, 1893, till midnight, April 15th, 1893.

There are about six hundred million acres of land under grain in the world.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

Timber Clothes. A HUNGARIAN has invented a scheme for making textile fabrics out of wood pulp. Strips of poplar bark are put into a boiler containing a solution of sulphuric acid, and after boiling they are rapidly dried in the open air. This done they are again damped and finally passed through a series of complicated rollers, whence the cellulose emerges a successful imitation of cloth or silk as desired. This queer stuff is credited with equalling, both in appearance and durability, the real original material.

Two New Machines. WE are threatened with the appearance of two new Put-a-penny-in-the-slot automatic machines this year. From one the small boy will obtain a nicely-packed ice-cream in exchange for the nimble copper. The other will purvey a blank card, on which an advertisement can be written and exhibited in the machine for general inspection. This is a good idea, provided it is not abused by the aforementioned small boy and his rival atrocity, the would-be facetious Tom, Dick, and 'Arry.

A Model Bus. THE London bus may be cheap, but it certainly is nasty. A company in Glasgow is now running a very different article, and the sooner we see the likes of it plying the metropolitan thoroughfares the better. In the first place, the new omnibus is supplied with pneumatic tyres. Then the seats are mounted on springs. Nor is this all. An electric lamp, with a twenty-four-hour storage is fixed on the top for the convenience of the outside passengers. Happy, happy men of Glasgow. May they not even hope now that the Board will see fit to supply them with afternoon tea. That would be goodly, indeed.

The Hippometer. THE hippometer is the outcome of a Frenchman's ingenuity. It works on very much the same principle as a pedometer, and will measure the distance a horse travels with wonderful exactitude. The hippometer has a clock movement for time and a hammer at one end of a lever to vibrate in unison with the horse's movements. The instrument first measures the time which elapses between the successive beats of the hoofs on the ground, and secondly, the length of the horse's strides. As these are variable, the hippometer is rather a complicated piece of mechanism, but it has proved wonderfully correct.

A Novelty in Merry-go-Rounds, says WORK, is to be introduced at the Chicago Exhibition. It consists of an immense steel wheel, 250 feet in diameter, mounted between a pair of supports of proportionate dimensions. The tire of the wheel is 28 feet wide, and has round it thirty-six cars, in which there is seating accommodation for 2,160 passengers. The total weight of the structure is 4,300 tons, and its cost £80,000. The idea is to take visitors round at so much per revolution. In the journey they will obtain a very good view of the exhibition and its surroundings. Each trip is to occupy ten minutes, or at the rate of about three miles an hour. The axle is 33 inches in diameter and 45 feet long.

"The Bunker." THE ever-increasing popularity of the Royal and ancient game of golf, and the failing memories of the more inferior players, have afforded an opening for the introduction of a neat metallic scoring card, punctuated with a series of slits and holes. The strokes as they are played can be recorded by a number of studs moving in the slits and so constructed that it is impossible for them to be displaced except by a downward and forward pressure of the hand. I may remark that the inventor evidently goes for higher game than the mere beginner, as the marker will only total fifteen strokes to a hole. The only objection that I have to "The Bunker," which can be obtained for seven-and-sixpence from 115, Palmerston Buildings, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., is that it is rather heavy to be conveniently carried in one's coat pocket.

Ladies, Attention, Please. HERE is the suggestion of a sorely tried *pater familias*, for which the whole fraternity of married men in this country will be sincerely grateful. The originator has evidently experienced the delights of getting up in the middle of the night, arrayed merely in a fluttering night-shirt, and converting himself into a perambulating cradle for the special edification of a squealing baby. He therefore proposes that the mothers should, in future, rock the babies themselves. To enable them to do so, he suggests that bedposts might be elongated, and hammocks hung over the beds so that mothers could easily reach up and soothe the babes without compelling their better halves to turn out. The one drawback would be the awkward position in which the parents might be placed if the baby, in the course of its struggles, toppled over and came out.

The Idea was Good. A MR. WALLIS, of Birmingham, has forwarded me a sample of his patent self-striking match box. Unfortunately the trick does not always work. The intention certainly is good. You give the box a jerk and the tail of a wax-match appears. Pull this sharply and the vesta is supposed to come out slight. Two advantages are claimed, namely, there is no need to burn the fingers, however clumsy the operator may be; and, secondly, the inestimable boon to a glove wearer. Unfortunately in the case of the box I experimented with, the matches had an inconvenient little way of coming out too quickly, without taking the preliminary precaution to ignite.

A Woolly Foundation. In digging the foundations of the National Pile Bridge, Richmond U.S., the workmen suddenly struck an apparently bottomless bed of quick sand. At first it seemed probable that the work would have to be abandoned. Finally, however, the engineer hit upon a novel expedient for overcoming the difficulty. He sent out men to scour the land far and wide for wool. Every bale that could be obtained was bought up. It was emptied into the fathomless pit intended for the foundation. When pressure was first applied it sank, but after a time it could be forced no further down. Then rocks were laid upon the wool on which the western end of this great bridge of Richmond still finds its support.

Helping the Moon. A SAN FRANCISCO gentleman has invented some electric balloons for lighting the world by night as the sun does by day. They would not be of the ordinary inflated silk bag pattern, but made of aluminium, in the shape of a cigar. From each balloon would be suspended some six electric lamps at any elevation which might prove most advantageous for suffusing the light over the area to be illuminated. Of course necessary precautions would be taken to prevent the amateur moons from careering about, and there would be an appliance for hauling them down for alterations and repairs. It is supposed that the cost of lighting large cities in this manner would be materially reduced, and that the work would be done very much better than it is in the ordinary way.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* PATENT. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

MR. MUNRO, once Chief of the Metropolitan Police Force, has become a missionary,

THE Queen signs herself to her sons and daughters-in-law, "Always Your Affectionate Mother, V.R.I."

THE Empress of Russia's physician when in attendance upon his august patient receives a fee of £70 a day (700 roubles).

THE present Sultan of Morocco is descended from an Irish girl who became a member of the then Royal harem more than a hundred years ago.

PRINCE BISMARCK is determined to never grow bent. When taking his daily walk he carries a stout cudgel across his back, held between his elbows; this helps him to keep himself erect.

MR. GLADSTONE, within the most exclusive Governmental circles, is known as plain "Mr. G." Thus Mr. John Morley will tell Sir William Harcourt what "Mr. G." thinks about it, and it is generally understood that what "Mr. G." says goes.

THE Shah has an unfortunate affection for Great Britain. He is always writing to the Queen offering to visit her Majesty, who is thought, however, to have had enough of him last time. He not only drinks a bottle of brandy a day, but is also an opium-eater, and is a man of violent and irresponsible habits.

M. GODEFROI CAVAIGNAC is said to have the best chance of the Presidency of the French Republic after Carnot. He is a tall, delicate-looking man of some forty years of age. He began life as a civil engineer, but lately became a member of the Paris Bar. The son of General Cavaignac, whilst yet little more than a child, his Republican spirit showed itself by his refusal to accept a prize from the hands of the Prince Imperial.

THE Duchess of Devonshire is in every way a most remarkable woman. Daughter to the late Count von Alten of Hanover, she first married the late Duke of Manchester some forty years ago, and threw herself with zeal into English political life. Her present husband is a year younger than herself, but looks older than his wife. The Duchess is said to be one of the best hostesses in London, and has for many years written anonymously in THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

MR. H. W. LUCY, "Toby, M.P.," was the journalist who originated the London Letter idea.

PRINCESS PAULINE METTERNICH is said to be the only lady on the Continent who ever fought a duel.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL suffers from sleeplessness, and all his science cannot help him to get back Nature's balmy restorer.

THE Grand Duke Michael of Russia is supposed to be the handsomest man on the Continent. He was morganatically married a few years ago to Countess Sophy Merenberg, a beautiful young German lady some twenty years of age.

MR. E. S. WILLARD, the popular actor, declares that American and English audiences differ enormously. He says that hissing is quite unknown in the States. If they don't like the piece they simply slip quietly out of the theatre and say nothing.

BARON MOHRENHEIM, the Russian ambassador to Paris, is of German origin, and is said to have arranged the marriage of the Czar and Czarina, hence the affection they both bear him. He is a fine-looking old man, and is a favourite with the Parisians, notwithstanding his Teutonic name.

LORD PLAYFAIR has a marvellously retentive memory. At one time he wrote his speeches before delivering them to the House of Commons, sending the MS. to THE TIMES. So accurate was his recitation that the reporter had only to sprinkle the speech with "Hear, hear," and "Cheers."

NEXT to post-cards, Mr. Gladstone uses halfpenny wrappers most extensively; indeed it has even been whispered that he is not above sending occasionally a brief note enclosed within the wrapper containing a marked library catalogue, but this violation of official regulations has hitherto escaped the notice of Post-office officials.

WHEN the Crown Prince of Germany, then simple Crown Prince William, was five years old, he represented his father for the first time at an official dinner. He was dressed in a Red Hussar's uniform, and, after the soup, rose at his own instigation to drink a toast to his sick grandfather.

When, later, he returned to the Castle, he told his mother that, "being a man now," he ought to have a room to himself. The request was granted that very night, and an old and tried servant placed at his exclusive command. William looked the lackey over when his mother introduced him, and, imitating his great grandfather, asked in a serious voice if he had been a soldier, in which regiment he had served, and if he had any medals or decorations.

The result of the examination pleased him so much that he told the servant, "I think you will do better than Miss Atkinson (his English governess), who has no idea of military step and reports to me in a wholly undignified manner. I think she ought to be taught the rudiments of soldierly bearing at least."

DR. MOON, although he has been blind for fifty-two years, has done one of the grandest works ever given to man to do, for he has given himself up to benefiting the sad condition of those thousands throughout the whole world who spend their lives in unending gloom and night. He is a small grey-haired man, and among his choicest treasures is a fine album, which was sent him when he celebrated his Jubilee of work by five hundred blind readers in Australia.

Dr. Moon simplified the embossed reading system for the blind, and now the characters he has invented are applied to four hundred languages. By his method blind people are able to be really thoroughly educated, even each book of Euclid has been done in the system. Dr. Moon did not become blind till he was twenty years of age, so, of course, he remembers perfectly well what men and animals look like.

Shortly after he began studying the best way of educating those who could not see, he came across a blind girl who had always thought that a horse had four legs, walking with two, and holding the other two as we do our arms. It was this that made him think of pictures for the blind. During the last forty years 177,000 volumes of the Bible, embossed according to Dr. Moon's plan, have been circulated.

SEVEN MORE INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

(TOTAL SEVENTY-FIVE.)

MR. C. HATCLIFF, 7, Craig Street, Peterborough. Football, March 11th. Arm broken.

MR. R. TAYLOR, Barrington Colliery, Northumberland. March 14th. Arm broken.

MR. JOHN HILL, 38, Nebros Street, Newport, Mon. March 4th. Leg broken.

MR. A. WHITAKER, Ingrow Football Club, Ingrow, Keighley. Football, February 25th. Arm broken.

MR. L. ROWE, Curdworth Terrace, Greenway Street, Birmingham. Cycling, March 14th. Arm broken.

MR. L. H. PEARCE, Oaklands, St. Matthew's Road, Bristol. Football. March 14th. Leg broken.

MR. J. MANNION, 95, Pear Street, Widnes. Football, March 18th. Arm broken.

Having had a signed coupon at the time of accident, the Ocean Company have forwarded each a cheque for £5.

The Coloured Plate presented with this month's "Search Light" is particularly charming.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. LXXXIII.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. WANAMAKER was born of poor parents; his father was a bricklayer by profession, and some fifty-five years ago he started his commercial life with five shillings, each of which he has now made into about a million pounds—all in the most correct and traditional style.

He has had no particular advantages or opportunities. To this day he is a man of narrow educational attainments, and at first sight there is nothing to explain why he has not remained as he began—a humble plodding assistant in a Philadelphian clothing store. His employers never considered him a particularly bright or promising clerk. He was faithful and conscientious, but showed neither originality, nor any special business abilities.

All his qualities are negative, and it is perhaps to that of having no particular political principles, or any of the enthusiasm of youth at any time in his life that he owes his first big success. When other young Yankees of less well balanced minds were rushing down south to get shot in the lungs, John Wanamaker remained at home and invested largely in blue flannel cloths. He was never what you would exactly call a speculator, but he was shrewd enough to foresee that the war was not going to be the mere few months' pleasure party which his friends affected to believe.

He foresaw that it would be a long war and a bitter war, and a war that would demand a large stock of flannels. His commercial instinct told him that the more flannel he could lay in quickly the greater pecuniary advantage would come to him through the terrible physical and financial agonies, through which his countrymen were destined to pass. So he invested all the money he could raise in blue flannels and blue cloth, with the pleasing result that he soon saw the value of his stock double, treble, and quadruple in his hands.

This was the foundation of his great fortune. There was nothing surprising about people getting rich in those days. Everybody got rich who had the heart to traffic and the strength to keep his head in the general confusion.

Take a young man of vigorous health with a good capacity for work, no expensive tastes, and brains above the average, and put him at the beginning of the American Civil War with a desire to make money as the one central object in his life, and you have the conditions under which John Wanamaker began his commercial career.

Beyond this it was a very commonplace, cherub-faced young man, who, in the early spring of 1861, went up to New York in company with his brother-in-law, Nathan Brown, to try to get credit for £200 worth of clothing with which to start a store in Philadelphia.

Wanamaker had put in £400, and Brown much the same sum, but when they had paid for the lease of their shop, and had got it into proper condition for business, there was but a scant amount of money left with which to stock it.

Wanamaker even then was a smooth and seductive talker, but those were ticklish times. The war was just breaking out and nobody knew how things were going to end. Conversation, even though of the oiliest, was at a woeful discount as compared with cash. Through all one dreary day the two young men tramped in vain through the streets of New York, trying to get someone to give a trifling credit to what was destined to become one of the biggest commercial firms in America. Next day a firm was found which had sufficient confidence in the young men to take what money they had to give and let them have a substantial credit as well.

Wanamaker is of remote Huguenot German descent, and all his early surroundings were of the Scotch Puritan kind. He very soon plunged into all manner of religious propaganda, and the good people who supported him in that were able and willing to lend him a helping hand also towards material advancement.

The greatest friend of his young days was a Scottish Presbyterian painter named Paterson, who, having the national instinct for laying up treasure on earth, said to Wanamaker one day, "John, if you work half as hard in business as you do for the Young Men's Christian Association, you will become one of the richest merchants in Philadelphia." Wanamaker will tell you that these words first put it into his head to attempt something serious commercially, and Paterson was certainly useful in keeping him up to the mark and inciting him to take seriously to business.

Another thing that helped Wanamaker was the condition of business in Philadelphia thirty years ago, which was by no means particularly go-ahead. He shook things up a bit. His audacious methods and ventures caused consternation in the ranks of his staid and stationary competitors. He was striking at the very root of business life, they said. The ponderous and awful respectability of Philadelphia itself seemed to be threatened.

When he made the daring innovation of refunding money for unsatisfactory articles there was a lifting up of hands to heaven and a chorus of lamentations throughout the whole body of traders. A gentleman connected with the Wanamaker concern, said he really believed the worry and anxiety over that move of Wanamaker actually shortened the days of one of his foremost rivals in business.

Of course, he is a gigantic advertiser, like all those who have made big fortunes rapidly. He has his name in gigantic letters over the front of all his shops, down long columns in all the principal newspapers, and on almost every hoarding in the States. Wherever you go, you are confronted by the name of Wanamaker, staring you in the face. You can't get away from it.

I called one day on Mr. Wanamaker in his private office at Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Since he has been Postmaster-General he does not come there very often and I was fortunate in finding him. It is partially dismantled now, and has a cheerless, uninhabited look. When he was constantly there, handsome rugs covered the floor, and the solid office furniture was kept bright and burnished.

He apologised for the appearance of the office. "You should have seen it, sir," he said, "when I used it regularly. I am a great believer in having an office comfortable and attractive. Some people don't care how miserable and untidy their office is, while they must have the very best of everything at home. I don't hold with that. After all, the office is the place where one spends the greater part of one's waking hours."

Near the window was a large roll-top desk which is Wanamaker's own, but which he seldom uses, preferring to sit at a little red table in the middle of the room. On the wall were pictures of certain Philadelphia celebrities. On the roll-top desk was a heavy silver frame, containing a photograph of Mr. Wanamaker's mother, a full-faced, black-eyed woman, in whom the likeness to her son was distinctly traceable.

Wanamaker himself is a sleek, quiet, apple-faced little man, round and complacent and self-satisfied. The corners of his mouth point down in a way that suggests a morose kind of selfishness, but his eyes are round and kindly. His hair is straight, his hands and ears are big. He dresses tidily, though sombrely, and trots about in a very dapper way.

In an ante-room adjoining his office there are generally one or two gentlemen in black coats and white ties waiting to see him. No man in America is more besieged by seekers after assistance, whether for charitable, religious, or personal objects, than Wanamaker, and, unlike most self-made men, he is very generous towards all manner of applicants.

He is a wonderfully persuasive man, with smooth agreeable manners. He knows exactly what he wants and how to get it. Nothing bewilders him, not even prosperity, and he has been able to keep his head, not only at the difficult crises in his life, but in the more dangerous hours of success. He has a marvellous capacity for detail and his memory is very strong.

With his constant and brilliant success he has developed a quiet self-confidence, which in its way is as undemonstrative as his dress, but which is based upon a serene, unwavering faith that what he does is better done than nine men out of ten could do it, and that the end sought is certain. His pursuit of wealth, and his absorbing devotion to commerce, have not interfered with the promptings of a naturally kind heart. His success has been continuous, rapid, and enormous. He has had nothing to sour or harden him.

The only thing that has in any way upset him has been his comparative failure as Postmaster-General. He thought that he was bound to make the same huge success in that *rôle* as he did in business, and it has been rather a blow to him that so much ridicule and criticism should have been heaped upon him since he raised the purchasing fund for Harrison's election and accepted a seat in the Cabinet as a reward for his services.

Of course, he would not admit for an instant—scarcely even to himself in thinking matters over—that he has not been a success at the Post Office, but his face has become more wrinkled and careworn since he accepted that position, and there is no doubt that he will be heartily glad when he is out of office once more.

After a chat with Mr. Wanamaker in his office I was taken round his business premises, or at least part of them, for it would take a long time to see everything. It is difficult to take in the magnitude of the concern straightway. Imagine all the retail business of a town of 50,000 inhabitants concentrated under one roof, and you get a sort of notion of what Wanamaker's establishment is like.

You are told that there are fifteen acres of selling space; that in one department alone you look over two acres of furniture; that during the busy season there are over 5,000 persons employed in the sales, and some 200,000 customers in a single day; that it is no uncommon thing to sell over £20,000 worth of goods in that time; that, during December, 1892, business to the amount of £400,000 was transacted.

You are told that the entire concern does more business in a year than any two concerns in New York, Boston, or Chicago; and you are quite prepared to believe that too, after a tour through the miles of aisles and corridors and through the broad stretches of territory heaped high with things to sell. The fact is that, after you have taken one thoroughly exhausting stroll through the place on a busy day, you are prepared to believe anything anybody chooses to tell you as to the size and success of this prosperous concern.

Did you ever see from 25,000 to 30,000 people, most of them women, engaged in a mild shopping debauch? You may do so almost any afternoon at Wanamaker's. At first it is difficult to realise the number of people about. There is a story told of a certain French commander who was very angry, on arriving at St. Peter's in Rome, to find that 5,000 troops he had ordered to be there were nowhere in sight, but, after a search, found them comfortably stowed away in one corner of the great edifice.

So it is with the Wanamaker shoppers. You find a group of a thousand or so in one place, and another similar group in another. You turn a corner, and there are two or three thousand more. But there is no crowd, no scurry, no ugly jostling. Everything is arranged for the comfort of those who come to shop. All over the place are cosy corners with easy chairs, where the tired shopper may take a rest before proceeding to a fresh bout in the revel of purchasing.

And there is a great restaurant downstairs where you can purchase anything you like to eat or drink, provided there is no alcohol in the latter. The cold tea in Wanamaker's restaurant is cold tea, and the sinful cocktail and the pop of the champagne cork are unknown there.

The comfort of those employed in the sales is also well cared for. There is a large retiring and sitting room for the saleswomen of the establishment, where each one has her own wardrobe, and there is a general air of order and composure about the place. Over in one corner there is a theological-looking harmonium, suggestive of the moaning melancholy of psalms, but it bears a considerate placard, urging you to have a regard for the feelings of others, and not to play.

Wanamaker has also built an excellent lodging-house for the benefit of the women in his employ, where they may have board at a very moderate sum, excellent rooms, baths, and many other comforts, which they would not get elsewhere. The assistants are not overworked either, and it is noticeable that, towards the end of the day, they do not wear the worn, exhausted look seen too often in the faces of shop-girls in many establishments.

As to the size of the fortune which Wanamaker has acquired during his thirty-two years of active business, one cannot make more than a rough estimate. The ground on which his shop stands is worth at the very least £800,000. He has several houses in various parts of the country, besides large real estate investments. His annual income from the store must be well over £200,0 0, and his manner of living has been so simple that it cannot have taken more than the merest flea-bite out of that vast sum.

People in Philadelphia who have known Wanamaker for many years are agreed that he is now worth well over five millions sterling.

So deep-rooted, however, is the spirit of prudence within him, that he has insured his life for a sum of £300,000, which will at any rate suffice to keep his family from want, whatever may betide. He does not, however, think that they are likely to need it!

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS PAID.

£1,000 COUPON TICKET. specially guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(*To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.*)

INSURANCE TICKET. *Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.*

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 & 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Signature.....

Available from the morning of April 8th, 1893, until Midnight, April 16th, 1893. (See coupon 3, page 612.)

This is the last week for entering the Contents Bill Competition.

MILK CANS AS RAT TRAPS.

A SHORT time ago two or three boys were playing in a warehouse in which were five old milk cans. They placed these cans in a row, and amused themselves for awhile by pitching ears of corn at them to see who would put the most ears in a can. There were ears of corn in each can when the boys quitted playing and left the warehouse.

Two days afterwards the proprietor of the shop had occasion to go into the warehouse. The sounds that greeted his ears at first startled him. It was a ceaseless grating and thumping and squealing combined. He went to one of the milk cans and looked into it. It was alive with immense rats struggling to get out. Each one of the five cans contained a swarm of rats.

It was not until the man learned of the boys and the corn that he could explain the presence of the rats in the cans. The rats had jumped down into the cans to get the corn, but it was impossible for any of them to get out again.

How to dispose of the enormous number of rodents was at first a puzzler to the grocer, but he finally hit upon a plan. He put the covers on the cans and secured them, and rolled the cans to the pond. Then, opening the lids just enough to let water run into the cans, he filled each one and drowned the rats. When the cans were emptied the least number of rats in any can was found to be twenty-three. One can had forty-one. There were 158 rats in all.

RATHER A DAMPER.

IN Oxford the undergraduates tell rather a funny story about a certain eminent professor, who had spent nearly the whole of his life in those classic shades of learning, and was about a century behind the times in everyday matters, however expert and advanced he might be in the intricacies of scientific investigation.

He went up to London last summer to attend some Royal Society or other, and put up at a well-known hotel, not a hundred miles from Charing Cross. In the night he was taken with a violent thirst. He would have made a raid upon the water supplied in his bedroom decanter, but his knowledge on such matters warned him it were dangerous to touch water that had been standing in a room.

Therefore he slipped on his trousers, and started out on a memorable expedition to find some water in a filter. In the hall opposite the top of the stairs he found a filter—a new-fashioned filter, though, such as he had never seen before. Instead of a glass or cup, there was a neat little rubber hose, with a nicely polished nozzle.

"There," said the professor to himself, "now that's what I call a really sensible idea. I had no notion anything so delightfully simple existed. I'll have one of those at home. Get the water direct without disarranging one's moustache, too. I wonder how the thing works."

Presently his eye fell upon the printed directions, which told him to turn the wheel on the top as far as it would go.

"Ah, that's it," said the professor, and he placed the nozzle of the hose in his mouth and turned the wheel.

When the professor came to he found himself one stage lower on the stairs, at least his head was there and his feet were one or two steps higher. The professor sat up. "Did that on my back," he muttered, rubbing vigorously in several places.

Through the balustrades he saw a crowd of boys, porters, housemaids, and half-dressed visitors standing round the filter. The professor heard the manager call from his room, "What's the matter there?" and the voice of the porter rang out, "Oh, some idiot has turned on the hydrant."

Then the professor scrambled to his feet and crept up to his room by the servants' stairway without participating in the general inquiry as to who that idiot might be.

Cyclists must have their lamps alight at 7.42 p.m. on Saturday, April 8th, and two minutes later on every succeeding evening until April 15th.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

In addition to our unique Railway Insurance offer of £1,000, we insure Cyclists, in the event of death from Cycling Accidents, to the extent of £100. The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice, should be on the person of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

Signature _____

Available until midnight, April 15th, 1893.

THE F.A.F. AND THE LIVES IT BRIGHTENS.

PROBABLY the great majority of the readers of this paper, have through a merciful dispensation of Providence, never found it incumbent upon them to penetrate into the hideous recesses and the darkest alleys of the great City of Shadows.

Their lives are the happier for this. When once one has seen with one's own eyes and heard with one's own ears what goes on in the midst of that terrible swamp of utter desolation and want, the memory haunts one like a great shadowy ghost, nor can the recollection of that picture ever be entirely obliterated.

Afterwards it seems almost wicked to stand alone on some vast moor, or surrounded for miles and miles with country fields, and woods, and hills, when one thinks of that dark spot, perchance not fifty miles away, where the sunlight never penetrates and the wretched creatures live huddled up almost on the top of one another like rats in some black hole.

Yet a visit, however short it be, will do more than a hundred articles to impress upon the mind the grim realities of slum life, and to understand the misery which is mutely suffered year in, year out, in the great city byeways, the corrupt haunts of misery and vice.

All those whose lives have put them in a position to speak, have sadly said that among all the phases of evil and affliction to be seen in the Slums of London there is nothing which makes the heart suffer so intensely as the sight of the little gutter-children dragging out their miserable existences in the midst of such foul surroundings. Here, indeed, is something to mock our proud boasts of Nineteenth Century humanity, civilisation, and enlightenment. Here is something to give the lie to the smug piety of the nation, the vaunted charity and the high-flown protestations of compassion and benevolence.

Attention has, of course, been drawn over and over again to all this, but still enough cannot be said until the remedy is found. Great schemes have been tried and failed, but that surely is no reason why people should close their eyes to the real state of affairs, and say, "It is a terrible, dreadful, heart-rending evil, I know, but the slums will be ever there, and the best thing we can do is not to think about it."

Of course the F.A.F. was not formed to raise the young branch of the submerged Tenth from the Slough of Despond. But it does hope to bring one beam of sunlight to cheer, be it only for a moment, the lives of the little destitute, forlorn denizens of this dreadful place; to break the terrible monotony of their unrelieved though irresponsible debasement. Surely we ought to do what we can towards such an end, to give such untold happiness, short-lived though it be.

The sum of 2½d. will provide each child with a substantial meat-pie, and 3½d. more will pay for a sufficiency of bread, jam, cake, and milk. To go into details, half a pint of milk will cost ½d., half a pound of bread the same, jam ½d., and a quarter of a pound of cake 1½d. Each child's railway fare costs 3d.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the editor of *P. W.* at Temple Chambers, London, E.C. Large collecting forms and small cards containing places for sixty penny subscriptions can be obtained, on application, by those who are sufficiently interested in THE FRESH-AIR FUND to care to assist it in this way.

Ninepence gives a day's happiness to a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200. There are no expenses of management; every penny goes to the children in the form of food or fares.

A BACHELOR says a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in the world; it's a perfect honeycomb full of cells.

BELLOWS: "Does your daughter play on the piano?"

Old Farmer (in tones of deep disgust): "No, sir. She works on it, pounds on it, rakes it, scrapes it, jumps on it, and rolls on it, but there's no play about it, sir."

A PATIENT MAIDEN.—"Another letter from Alfred? When do you expect to marry him?"

"He has two more years at Harrow. After that he will go to Oxford; when he has finished there he will set out to make his fortune. When he has made his fortune we shall be married. Oh, it all seems so beautiful."

ROSY: "It can never be. You are so much higher than I in station, Lord Verigrene."

Lord Roderic Verigrene: "But, Wosy—don't call me Lord Vewigwene, call me Woderwic—I love you twuly and honouwably. It's no fault of mine that I'm a lord, and above you in station. Oh, I wish I'd been born a shoe-black! Then p'waps, you'd think me your equal! No! no! I——"

AN Irish recruit in one of her Majesty's riding schools, had the misfortune to part company with his horse when the animal kicked. According to custom, the sergeant strode up to him and demanded:

"Did you receive orders to dismount?"

"I did, sorr."

"Where from?"

"From hind-quarters, yer honner," said Paddy with a grin.

NO MARKED PECULIARITY.

WHEN flying from justice a criminal rarely escapes through a disguise. In very many cases the purchase of the things selected by him as being most helpful to conceal his identity affords a clue which ensures his capture.

In most cases shaving off the beard or moustache is relied upon to hide a likeness, but the police always recognise such a proceeding as probable, and an expert thief-taker is well able to identify his man minus such adornments.

An absconding bank cashier, a short time ago, attempted to leave the country dressed as a woman. His disguise was seen through by a keen-eyed detective who was watching outward-bound vessels, and although he did not recognise the man, he detained him on suspicion, and, communicating with the head authorities, the prisoner was soon identified.

In that case the disguise itself actually led to the detection of the criminal. In two other recent cases, men wearing false beards and moustaches were secured by the policemen anxious to discover their reasons for assuming them.

These afterward proved to be so unsatisfactory that one of them received eight and the other eleven years' penal servitude. The thing which most stands a criminal in good stead in making his escape is his having a "common face," one with no marked peculiarity, and an iron nerve to enable him to carry himself like an innocent person.

A MAORI CHIEF'S APPETITE.

ONE day I invited the great Waikato chief Wahanu (who stands six feet four inches, and weighs 350 lbs.) to lunch; and knowing something of Maori tastes, I provided, amongst other things, a large piece of boiled pork

Wahanui came punctually to time, accompanied by his interpreter, a superb looking young native with a face like an Arab, a great chief thinking it beneath him to speak English, even though he may know it quite well.

The two sat down to table with the calm self-possession and good manners which distinguish the race; and I helped Wahanui to a round of pork about an inch thick, the interpreter choosing some less substantial dish. The conversation and wine flowed freely, and Wahanui was soon in high spirits.

Three times I replenished his plate with a pound or two of boiled pork, to which he added every condiment on the table, not excepting gooseberry jam.

At length, on passing his plate for some more, he said through his interpreter: "I am afraid you will think me very rude to eat so much, but I am a big man and want a good deal of food."

"No, Wahanui," I replied, "you could not show me greater politeness than by eating heartily, because that is a proof that you like what I have provided for you."

At this Wahanui heaved a deep sigh, something like the blowing of a grampus, and said: "Ah, when I was a young man I could eat a whole pig as high as that," indicating an animal which would take a prize at an average show.

"Am I to take that literally?" I asked the interpreter.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "When Wahanui was a young man he could eat a whole pig and a kit of kumaras."

Kumaras are sweet potatoes, like elongated mangel wurzel. Wahanui then sang a waiata recalling the merry days when he was young, and praising the rangatira pakeha, the English gentleman or chief, who had been so hospitable to him.

Having eaten the rest of the pork, and made a clean sweep of things generally, he rose and bade me good-bye in the most dignified manner, cordially inviting me to pay him a visit at his pa at Moken, a remote place in the west of the North Island, where the Maoris are still to be seen living under primitive conditions.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

WHILE all Europe was thrilling with the apprehension of approaching war and the excitement caused by the appearance of the strange air-ship and the news of its terrible exploits at Krunstadt and Tiumen, the *Ariel* herself was quietly pursuing her way, in mid-air south-westerly from the scene of the skirmish outside the Sir Ulang Pass.

She was bound for a region in the midst of Africa, which, even in the first decade of the twentieth century, was still unknown to the geographer and untrodden by the explorer.

Fenced in by huge and precipitous mountains round whose bases lay vast forests and impenetrable swamps and jungles, from whose deadly areas the boldest pioneers had turned aside as being too hopelessly inhospitable to repay the cost and toil of exploration, it had remained undiscovered and unknown save by two men who had reached it by the only path by which it was accessible—through the air and over the mountains which shut it in on every side from the external world.

These two adventurous travellers were a wealthy and eccentric Englishman, named Louis Holt, and Thomas Jackson, his devoted retainer, and these two had taken it into their heads—or rather Louis Holt had taken it into his head—to achieve in fact the feat which Jules Verne had so graphically described in fiction, and to cross Africa in a balloon.

They had set out from Zanzibar towards the end of the last year of the nineteenth century, and, with the exception of one or two vague reports from the interior, nothing more had been heard of them until, nearly a year later, a collapsed miniature balloon had been picked up in the Gulf of Guinea by the captain of a trading steamer, who had found in the little car attached to it a hermetically sealed meat-tin which contained a manuscript the contents of which will become apparent in due course.

The captain of the steamer was a practical and somewhat stupid man, who read the manuscript with considerable scepticism, and then put it away, having come to the conclusion that it was no business of his, and that there was no money in it anyhow. He thought nothing more of it until he got back to Liverpool, and then he gave it to a friend of his who was a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and who duly laid it before that body.

It was published in the Transactions, and there was some talk of sending out an expedition under the command of an Eminent Explorer to rescue Louis Holt and his servant, but when that personage was approached on the subject it was found that the glory would not be at all commensurate with the expense and risk, and so, after being the usual nine days' wonder, and being duly elaborated by several able editors in the daily and weekly Press, the strange adventures of Louis Holt had been dismissed, as of doubtful authenticity, into the limbo of exhausted sensations.

One man, however, had laid the story to heart somewhat more seriously, and that was Richard Arnold, who, on reading it, had formed the resolve that, if ever his dream of aerial navigation were realised, the first use he would make of his air-ship would be to discover and rescue the lonely travellers who were isolated from the rest of the world in the strange, inaccessible region of which the manuscript had given a brief but graphic and fascinating account.

He was now carrying out that resolve, and at the same time working out a portion of a plan that was not his own, and which he had been very far from foreseeing when he made the resolution.

Louis Holt's original MS. had been purchased by the President of the Inner Circle, and the *Ariel* was now, in fact, on a voyage of exploration, the object of which was the discovery of this unknown region with a view to making it the seat of a settlement from which the members of the Brotherhood could watch in security and peace the course of the tremendous struggle which would, ere long, be shaking the world to its foundations.

In such a citadel as this, fenced in by a series of vast natural obstacles, impassable to all who did not possess the means of aerial locomotion, they would be secure from molestation, though all the armies of Europe sought to attack them; and the *Ariel* could, if necessary, traverse in twenty-five hours the three thousand odd miles which separated it from the centre of Europe.

After the rescue of Natasha and the Princess on the Tobolsk Road, the *Ariel*, in obedience to the orders of the Council, had shaped her course southward to the western slopes of the Hindu Kush, in order to be present at the pre-arranged attack of the Cossacks on the British reconnoitering force.

Arnold's orders were simply to wait for the engagement, and only to watch it, unless the British were attacked in overwhelming numbers. In that case he was to have dispersed the Russian force, as the plan of the Terrorists did not allow of any advantage being gained by the soldiers of the Czar in that part of the world just then.

As the British had defeated them unaided, the *Ariel* had taken no part in the affair, and, after vanishing from the sight of the astonished combatants, had proceeded upon her voyage of discovery.

As a good month would have to elapse before she could keep her rendezvous with the steamer that was to bring out the materials for the construction of the new air-ships from England, there was plenty of time to make the voyage in a leisurely and comfortable fashion. As soon, therefore, as he was out of sight of the skirmishers he had reduced the speed of the *Ariel* to about forty miles an hour, using only the stern propeller driven by one engine, and supporting the ship on the air-planes and two fan-wheels.

At this speed he would traverse the three thousand odd miles which lay between the Hindu Kush and "Aeria"—as Louis Holt had somewhat fancifully named the region that could be reached only through the air—in a little over seventy-five hours, or rather more than three days.

Those three days were the happiest that his life had so far contained. The complete success of his invention, and the absolute fulfilment of his promises to the Brotherhood, had made him a power in the world, and a power which, as he honestly believed, would be used for the highest good of mankind when the time came to finally confront and confound the warring forces of rival despotisms.

But far more than this in his eyes was the fact that he had been able to use the unique power which his invention had placed in his hands to rescue the woman that he loved so dearly from a fate which, even now that it was passed, he could not bring himself to contemplate.

When she had first greeted him in the Council Chamber of the Inner Circle the distance that had separated her from him had seemed immeasurable, and she—the daughter of Natas and the idol of the most powerful society in the world—might well have looked down upon him—the nameless dreamer of an unrealised dream, and a pauper who would not have known where to have looked for his next meal had the Brotherhood not had faith in him and his invention.

But now all that was changed. The dream had become the reality, and the creation of his genius was bearing her with him swiftly and smoothly through a calm atmosphere, and under a cloudless sky, over sea and land, with more ease than a bird wings its flight through space. He had accomplished the greatest triumph in the history of human discovery. He had revolutionised the world, and ere long he would make war impossible. Surely this entitled him to approach even her on terms of equality, and to win her for his own if he could.

Natasha saw this, too, as clearly as he did—more clearly, perhaps, for while he only arrived at the conclusion by a process of reasoning, she reached it intuitively at a single step. She knew that he loved her, that he had loved her from the moment that their hands had first met in greeting, and, peerless as she was among women, she was still a woman, and the homage of such a man as this was sweet to her, albeit it was still unspoken.

She knew, too, that the hopes of the Revolution, which, before all things human, claimed her whole-souled devotion, now depended mainly upon him and the use that he might make of the power that lay in his hands, and this of itself was no light bond between them, though not necessarily having anything to do with affection.

So far she was heart-whole, and though many had attempted the task, no man had yet made her pulses beat a stroke faster for his sake. Ever since she had been old enough to know what tyranny meant she had been trained to hate it and prepared to work against it, and if necessary to sacrifice herself body and soul to destroy it.

Thus hatred rather than love had been the creed of her life and the main-spring of her actions, and save her father and her one friend Radna, she stood aloof from mankind and its loves and friendships, rather the beautiful incarnation of an abstract principle than a woman to whom love and motherhood were the highest aims of existence.

More than this, she was the daughter of a Jew, and, therefore, held herself absolutely at her father's disposal as far as marriage was concerned, and if he had given her in wedlock even to a Russian official, telling her that the Cause demanded the sacrifice, she would have obeyed though her heart had broken in the same hour.

Although he had never hinted directly at such a thing, the conviction had been growing upon her for the last two or three years that Natas really intended her to marry Tremayne, and so in the case of his own death form a bond that should hold him to the Brotherhood when the chain of his own control was snapped. Though she instinctively shrank from such a union of mere policy, she would enter it without hesitation at her father's bidding, and for the sake of the cause to which her life was devoted.

How great such a sacrifice would be, should it ever be asked of her, no one but herself could ever know, for she was perfectly well aware that in Tremayne's strange double life there were two loves, one of which, and that not the real and natural one, was hers.

Had she felt that she had the disposal of herself in her own hands she would not perhaps have waited with such painful apprehension the avowal which hour after hour, now that they were brought into such close and constant relationships on board this little vessel high in mid-air, she saw trembling on the lips of her rescuer.

Arnold's life of hard, honest work, and his constant habit of facing truth in its most uncompromising forms, had made dissimulation almost impossible to him, and added to that, situated as he was, there was no necessity for it. Colston knew of his love, and the Princess had guessed it long ago. Did Natasha know his open secret? Of that he hardly dared to be sure, though something told him that the inevitable moment of knowledge was near at hand.

For the first twenty-four hours of the voyage he had seen very little of either her or the Princess, as they had mostly remained in their cabins, enjoying a complete rest after the terrible fatigue and suffering they had gone through since their capture in Moscow, but on the Thursday morning they had had breakfast in the saloon with him and Colston, and had afterwards spent a portion of the morning on deck deeply interested in watching the fight between the British and Russians. Thanks to Radna's foresight they had each found a trunk full of suitable clothing on board the *Ariel*. These had been taken to Drumcraig by Colston, and placed in the cabins intended for their use, and so they were able to discard the uncouth but useful costumes in which they had made their escape.

In the afternoon Arnold had had to perform the pleasant task of showing them over the *Ariel*, explaining the working of the machinery, and putting the wonderful vessel through various evolutions to show what she was capable of doing.

He rushed her at full speed through the air, took flying leaps over outlying spurs of mountain ranges that lay in their path, swooped down into valleys, and flew over level plains fifty yards from the ground like an albatross over the surface of a smooth tropic sea. Then he soared up from the earth again until the horizon widened out to vast extent, and they could see the mighty buttresses of "the Roof of the World" stretching out below them in an endless succession of ranges as far as the eye could reach.

Neither Natasha nor the Princess could find words to at all adequately express all that they saw and learnt during that day of wonders, and all night Natasha could hardly sleep for waking dreams of universal empire, and a world at peace equitably ruled by a power that had no need of aggression, because all the realms of earth and air belonged to who wielded it.

When at last she did go to sleep it was to dream again, and this time of herself, the Angel of the Revolution, sharing the aerial throne of the world-empire with the man who had made revolutions impossible by striking the sword from the hand of the tyrants of earth for ever.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WOOING IN MID AIR.

AFTER breakfast on the Friday morning, Natasha and Arnold were standing in the bows of the *Ariel* admiring the magnificent panorama that lay stretched out five thousand feet below them.

The air-ship had by this time covered a little over 2,000 miles of her voyage, and was now speeding smoothly and swiftly along over the south-western shore of the Red Sea a few miles southward of the sixteenth parallel of latitude. Eastward the bright blue waves of the sea were flashing behind them in the cloudless morning sun; the high mountains of the African coast rose to right and left and in front of them; and through the breaks in the chain they could see the huge masses of Abyssinia to the southward, and the vast plains that stretched away westward across the Blue and White Niles, away to the confines of the Lybian Desert.

"What a glorious world!" exclaimed Natasha, after gazing for many silent minutes with entranced eyes over the limitless landscape. "And to think that, after all, all this is but a little corner of it."

"It is yours, Natasha, if you will have it," replied Arnold quietly, yet with a note in his voice that warned her that the moment which she had expected and yet dreaded had already come. There was no use in avoiding the inevitable for a time. It would be better if they understood each other at once; and so she looked round at him with eyebrows elevated in well-simulated surprise, and said:

"Mine! What do you mean, my friend?"

There was an almost imperceptible emphasis on the last word that brought the blood to Arnold's cheek, and he answered, with a ring in his voice that gave unmistakable evidence of the effort that he was making to restrain the passion that inspired his words:

"I mean just what I say. All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, from pole to pole and from east to west, shall be yours, and shall obey your lightest wish. I have conquered the air, and therefore the earth and sea. In three months from now I shall have an aerial navy afloat that will command the world, and I—is it not needless to tell you, Natasha, why I glory in the possession of that power? Surely you must know that it is because I love you more than all that a subject world can give me, and because it makes it possible for me, if not to win you, at least not to be unworthy to attempt the task."

It was a distinctly unconventional declaration—such a one, indeed, as no woman had ever heard since Alexander the Great had whispered in the ears of Lais his dreams of universal empire, but there was a straightforward earnestness about it which convinced her beyond question that it came from no ordinary man, but from one who saw the task before him clearly, and had made up his mind to achieve it.

For a moment her heart beat faster than it had ever yet done at the bidding of a man's voice, and there was a bright flush on her cheeks and a softer light in her eyes as she replied in a more serious tone than Arnold had ever heard her use:

"My friend, you have forgotten something. You and I are not a man and a woman in the relationship that exists between us. We are two factors in a work such as has never been undertaken since the world began; two units in a mighty problem whose solution is the happiness or the ruin of the whole human race. It is not for us to speak of individual love while these tremendous issues hang undecided in the balance.

"One does not speak of love in the heat of war, and you and I and those who are with us are at war with the powers of the earth, and higher things than the happiness of individuals are at stake. You know, my training has been one of hate and not of love, and till the hate is quenched I must not know what love is.

"Remember your oath—the oath which I have taken as well as you—'*As long as I live those ends shall be my ends, and no human considerations shall weigh with me where those ends are concerned.*' Is not this love of which you speak a human consideration that might clash with the purposes of the Brotherhood whose ends you and I have solemnly sworn to hold supreme above all earthly things?

"My father has told me that when love takes possession of a human soul reason abdicates her throne and great aims become impossible. No, no, that great power which you hold in your hands was not given you just to win the love of a woman, and I tell you frankly that you will never win mine with it.

"More than this, if I saw you using it for such an end I would take care that you did not use it for long. No man ever had such an awful responsibility laid upon him as the possession of this power lays upon you. It is yours to make or mar the future of the human race of which I am but a unit. It is not the power that will ever win either my

This serial is making quite a sensation among scientific men.

respect or my love, but the wisdom and the justice with which it may be used."

"Ah! I see you distrust me. You think that because I have the power to be a despot, that therefore I may forget my oath and become one. I forgive you for the thought, unworthy of you as it is, and also, I hope, of me. No, Natasha, I am no skilled hand at love-making, for I have never wooed any mistress but one before to-day, and she is won only by plain honesty and hard service—just what I will devote to the winning of you, whether you are to be won or not—but I must have expressed myself clumsily indeed for you to have even thought of treason to the Cause.

"You are no more devoted adherent of it than I am. You have suffered in one way and I in another from the falsehood and rottenness of present-day Society, but you do not hate it more utterly than I do, and you would not go to greater lengths than I would to destroy it.

"Yours is a hatred of emotion and mine is a hatred of reason. I have proved that, as Society is constituted, it is the worst and not the best qualities of humanity that win wealth and power, and such respect as the vulgar of all classes can give, but it is not such power as this that I would lay at your feet when I ask you to share the world-empire with me. It is an empire of peace and not of war that I shall offer to you."

"Then," said Natasha, taking a step towards him, and laying her hand on his arm as she spoke, "when you have made war impossible to the rivalry of nations and races, and have proclaimed peace on earth, then I will give myself to you body and soul to do with as you please, to kill or to keep alive, for then truly you will have done that which all the generations of men before you have failed to do, and it will be yours to ask and to have."

As she spoke these last words Natasha bowed her proudly-carried head as though in submission to the dictum that her own lips had pronounced, and Arnold, laying his hand on hers and holding it for a moment unresisting in his own, said:

"I accept the condition, and as you have said so shall it be. You shall hear no more words of love from my lips until the day that peace shall be proclaimed on earth and war shall be no more, and when that day comes, as it shall do, I will hold you to your words, and I will claim you and take you, body and soul, as you have said, though I break every other human tie save man's love for woman to possess you."

Natasha looked him full in the eyes as he spoke these last words. She had never heard such words before, and by their very strength and audacity they compelled her respect and even her submission. Her heart was still untamed and unconquered, and no man was its lord, yet her eyes sank before the steady gaze of his, and in a low sweet voice she answered:

"So be it! There never was a true woman yet who did not love to meet her master. When that day comes I shall have met my master, and I will do his bidding. Till then we are friends and comrades in a common cause to which both our lives are devoted. Is it not better that it should be so?"

"Yes, I am content. I would not take the prize before I have won it. Only answer me one question frankly, and then I have done till I may speak again."

"What is that?"

"Have I a rival—not among men, for of that I am careless—but in your own heart?"

"No, none. I am heart-whole and heart-free. Win me if you can. It is a fair challenge, and I will abide by the result, be it what it may."

"That is all I ask for. If I do not win you may Heaven do so to me that I shall have no want of the love of woman for ever!"

So saying, he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it, in token of the compact that was made between them. Then, intuitively divining that she wished to be alone, he turned away without another word, and walked to the after end of the vessel.

Natasha remained where she was for a good half hour, leaning on the rail that surrounded the deck, and gazing out dreamily over the splendid and ever-changing scene that lay spread out beneath her. Truly it was a glorious world, as she had said, even now, cursed as it was with war and the hateful atrocities of human selfishness, and the sordid ambition of its despots.

What would it be like in the day when the sword should lie rusting on the forgotten battle-field, and the cannon's mouth be choked with the desert dust for ever? What was now a hell of warring passions would then be a paradise of peaceful industry, and he who had the power, if any man had, to turn that hell into the paradise that it might be, had just told her that he loved her, and would create that paradise for her sake.

Could he do it? Was not this marvellous creation of his genius, that was bearing her in mid-air over land and sea, as woman had never travelled before, a sufficient earnest of his power? Truly it was. And to be won by such a man was no mean destiny, even for her, the daughter of Natas, and the Angel of the Revolution.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TO THE UNKNOWN LAND.

SITUATED as they were, it would, of course, have been impossible, even if it had been in any way desirable, for Arnold and Natasha to have kept their compact secret from their fellow-travellers, who were at the same time their most intimate friends.

There was not, however, the remotest reason for attempting to do so. Although with regard to the rest of the world the members of the Brotherhood were necessarily obliged to live lives of constant dissimulation, among themselves they had no secrets from each other.

Thus, for instance, it was perfectly well known that Tremayne, during those periods of his double life in which he acted as Chief of the Inner Circle, regarded the daughter of Natas with feelings much warmer than those of friendship or brotherhood in a common cause, and until Arnold and his wonderful creation appeared on the scene he was looked upon as the man who, if any man could, would some day win the heart of their idolised Angel of the Revolution.

Of the other love that was the passion of his other life no one save Natasha, and perhaps Natas himself, knew anything, and even if they had known they would not have considered it possible for any other woman to have held a man's heart against the peerless charms of Natasha. In fact they would have looked upon such rivalry as mere presumption that it was not at all necessary for their incomparable young Queen of the Terror to take into serious account.

In Arnold, however, they saw a worthy rival even to the Chief himself, for there was a sort of halo of romance even in their eyes about this serious, quiet-spoken young genius, who had come suddenly forth from the unknown obscurity of his past life to arm the Brotherhood with a power which revolutionised their tactics and virtually placed the world at their mercy.

In a few months he had become alike their hero and their supreme hope, so far as all active operations went, and now that with his own hand he had snatched Natasha from a fate of unutterable misery, and so signally punished her persecutors, it seemed to be only in the fitness of things that he should love her, win her for his own, if won she was to be by any man.

This, at any rate, was the line of thought which led the Princess and Colston each to express their unqualified satisfaction with the state of affairs arrived at in the compact that had been made between Natasha and Arnold—"armed neutrality," as the former smilingly described to the Princess while she was telling her of the strange wooing of her now avowed lover. Natasha was no woman to be wooed and won in the ordinary way, and it was fitting that she should be the guerdon of such an achievement as no man had ever undertaken before, since the world began.

The voyage across Africa progressed pleasantly and almost uneventfully for the thirty-six hours after the crossing of the Red Sea. After passing over the mountains of the coast the *Ariel* had travelled at a uniform height of about 3,000 feet over a magnificent country of hill and valley, forest and prairie, occasionally being obliged to rise another thousand feet or so to cross some of the ridges of mountain chains which rose into peaks and mountain-knots, some of which touched the snow-line.

Several times the air-ship was sighted by the people of the various countries over which she passed, and crowds swarmed out of the villages and towns gesticulating wildly, and firing guns and beating drums to scare the flying demon away.

Once or twice they heard bullets singing through the air, but of these they took little heed, beyond quickening the speed of the air-ship for the time, knowing that there was not a chance in a hundred thousand of the *Ariel* being hit, and that even if she were the bullet would glance harmlessly off her smooth hull of hardened aluminium.

Once only they descended in a delightful little valley among the mountains which appeared to be totally uninhabited, and here they renewed their store of fresh water, and laid in one of fruit, as well as taking advantage of the opportunity to stretch their legs on terra firma.

This was on the Saturday morning, and when they again rose into the air to continue their voyage they saw that they had crossed the great mountain mass that divides the Sahara from the little-known regions of Equatorial Africa, and that in front of them to the south-west lay as far as the eye could reach a boundless expanse of dense forest and jungle and swamp, a gloomy and forbidding-looking region which it would be well-nigh impossible to traverse on foot.

Early in the afternoon the four voyagers were gathered in the deck-saloon closely examining a somewhat rudely-drawn chart that was spread out on the table. It was the map that formed part of the manuscript which had been found in the car of Louis Holt's miniature balloon, and sketched out his route from Zanzibar to Aeria, and the country lying round so far as he had been able to observe it.

"This gives us, after all, very little idea of the distance we have yet to go," said Arnold, "for though Holt has got his latitude presumably right, we have very little clue to his longitude, for he says himself that his watch was stopped in a thunder storm, and that in the same storm he lost all count of the distance he had travelled. Added to that, he admits that he was blown about for twelve days in one direction and another, so that all we really know is that somewhere across this fearful wilderness beneath us we shall find Aeria, but where is still a problem."

"What is your own idea?" asked Colston.

"Not a very clear one, I must confess. At this elevation we can see about sixty miles as the atmosphere is now, and as far as we can see to the south-west there is nothing but the same kind of country that we have under us. We have travelled rather more than 2,700 miles since we left the Hindu Kush, and according to my reckoning Aeria lies somewhere between 3,000 and 3,200 miles south-west of where we started from on Thursday morning.

"That means that we are within between three and five hundred miles of Aeria, unless, indeed, our calculations are wholly at fault, and at that rate, as we only have about four and a half hours' daylight left, we shall not get there to-day at our present speed."

"Couldn't we go a bit faster?" put in Natasha. "You know I and the Princess are dying to see this mysterious unknown country that only two other people have ever seen."

"You have but to say so, Natasha, and it is already done," replied Arnold, signalling at the same moment to the engine room by means of a similar arrangement of electric buttons to that which was in the wheel-house. "Only you must remember that you must not go out on deck now or you will be blown away like a feather into space."

While he was speaking the three propellers had begun to revolve at full speed, and the *Ariel* darted forward with a velocity that caused the mountains she had just crossed to sink rapidly on the horizon.

To be continued.

THE NICKNAMES OF KINGS.

ROYAL peculiarities are noted in a curious way by history, for one can obtain a very good idea of what the various kings have been like by studying the nicknames given to them.

France has had a truly wonderful assortment of kings. One has been the Little and another the Bold. One was the Stammerer, another Simple, while a third and fourth were Indolent and Fair. This is a very quick way of getting a broad idea of history. France has been a see-saw—first up, then down—and its position may be judged by the kings it had. One was Saint Louis, and another was the Hutin, meaning "headstrong, or mutinous."

Another king was the Long, while his successors were Handsome, Fortunate, Good, Wise, Beloved, and Affable. France must surely have been prosperous then, and have progressed further when two kings were respectively called the Father of his People and the Father of Letters.

We know English history better than any other, and can recall what was accomplished by Alfred the Great, Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, and Richard Cœur de Lion. The English did not give many of their kings nicknames, leaving their doings to speak for themselves.

Denmark has had a most curious array of sovereigns—the Blue-Tooth, Forked-Beard, Single, Hungry, Harefoot, Lamb, Pious, and Cruel being among them.

Some of the early kings of France already mentioned ruled over Germany at one time when there was no division, but when there was a separate German nation the rulers gained many curious titles. Fat was one, and Blind another. Also the Child, the Fowler. Then Blood Red, Black, Superb, and Sharp, while one king is particularly described as the Holy and Lame.

The rulers of the provinces that now make up Spain had a number of kings called Great and Catholic. Then they also had the Monk and Gouty, and included others who were Infirm, Bad, Noble, Strong, Valiant, Gracious, Sickly, Impotent, Beneficent, and Ceremonious.

Hungary has her rulers described as Saint, German, Thunder, Venetian, Great, and a King Mary, who was probably the only woman who ever had a like title. Over Portugal reigned the Fat, Idle, African, and Great and Perfect.

The people of Russia have generally had a hard time of it. We realise this to-day, and the names given to their kings show the reason therefor. None were Good, Wise, or Just, though there was Peter the Great, who did all he could to help his country. But how could a nation progress with rulers who gained the titles of Terrible, Impostor, Proud, Lightfoot, Grim, and Fierce.

So it is all through history, and the names that the kings have gained for themselves tell in a manner the story of their lives and the state of the countries over which they ruled.

SOME LEGAL ADVICE.

"A FEW days since," relates a solicitor, "as I was sitting with my friend D. in his office, a man came in and said: 'Mr. W., the livery-stable keeper tricked me shamefully yesterday, and I want to be even with him.'"

"State your case," said D.

"I asked him how much he'd charge me for a horse to go to Richmond. He said half a sovereign. I took the horse, and, when I came back, he said he wanted another half-sovereign for coming back, and made me pay it."

D. gave his client some legal advice, which he immediately acted upon, as follows: He went to the livery-stable keeper, and said: "How much will you charge for a horse to go to Windsor?"

The man replied, "A sovereign."

Client accordingly went to Windsor, came back by rail, and went to the livery-stable keeper, saying:

"Here is your money," paying him a sovereign.

"Where is my horse?" said W.

"He's at Windsor," answered the client, "I hired him only to go to Windsor."

MR. BILKINS: "What a sad face that woman has."

MRS. BILKINS: "Yes, poor thing. She has either loved and lost, or loved and got him."

HE: "Don't you think it wrong for people to marry their intellectual inferiors?"

SHE: "Yes—always wrong, and in some cases quite impossible."

"ROUGH ON RATS" is sold all around the world; is used by all civilised nations on the globe. For destroying Rats, Mice, Beetles, Cockroaches, Insects, Bugs, etc., it is the most extensively advertised, the widest known, and has the largest sale, and gives the best satisfaction of any article of its kind on earth. 7½d. and 1s. boxes at Chemists.

"Rough on Corns" gives instant relief. 6d. at Chemists.

FICTION.

Conditional.—"Irene," exclaimed the young man, a pang of jealousy shooting through every fibre of his heart as he noted a ring he had never seen before on the third finger of her left hand, "is that an engagement ring?"

"I will not deceive you, Mr. Kiljordan," replied the young lady, blushing deeply. "It is what might be considered a conditional engagement ring. The matter is not positively settled yet, but mamma thinks Mr. Peduncle—"

"Then it may be that I am not too late," said Bartolph Kiljordan, passionately, the violence of his emotion breaking down every barrier of reserve that the cold, calculating behests of expediency had erected between himself and his heart's idol. "Irene, I had not thought to say to you for months, perhaps years, the words that now come thronging for utterance, and will no longer be stifled. Give me the right, Irene, to call you my own, and to feel sure that no man, henceforth and for ever, can stand between me and all earthly happiness. Will you?"

"I will, Bartolph."

And the eloquent stillness that followed the softly spoken words of the fair young girl was punctuated in that old yet new sound, that rapturous, wild, fervid, unpronounceable percussion whose ecstatic articulation marks the climax of two trusting lives.

"Irene," said the youth, after a pause, "you will let me remove this 'conditional engagement ring,' now, will you not?"

"Certainly, Bartolph, though it is really of no importance. Take it off if you wish."

"And now tell me of that conditional engagement, my own."

"It was an engagement to meet Mr. Peduncle at two o'clock next Saturday afternoon, should the weather be fair enough for me to venture out. I put it on myself so I would not forget it."

"To meet Mr. Peduncle? Where, let me ask?"

"At his office, of course. Don't you know Mr. Peduncle?"

"No. Who in the name of Christopher Columbus is he?"

"The dentist. One of my teeth——"

"Trapped!" said the young man, in a deep tragic tone; "trapped!" And his scorching glance blistered the polish on the grand piano behind her.

SETTLED AT LAST.

She comes into the restaurant,
She sits down in a chair;
She tosses up her curls, and then
She reads the bill of fare.

She reads it up, she reads it down,
She reads it crosswise too;
She reads it near, she reads it far,
She reads it through and through.

She takes it up, she puts it down,
She looks around in doubt;
She hums, she drums, she sighs, she starts,
Her lips begin to pout.

The waiter stands with sphinx-like stare.
For hours it seems to me;
And then she says she thinks she'll have
A cup of nice hot tea.

Timmins' Baby.—"Well, well, well," said Mr. Timmins, with a grin that involved his whole head, and an effort at a tip-toe that shook the whole house. "And so it's a girl, my dear."

Mrs. Timmins smiled faintly, and Mr. Timmins picked up his heiress.

"It's the image of you," she said, regarding with some trepidation Mr. Timmins' method of handling the infant.

"I don't see how you make that out," said Mr. Timmins gravely. "I don't know when my nose looked like a dab of putty. Do I understand you that my eyes bear any resemblance to the head of a screw?"

"I mean the general features," murmured Mrs. Timmins.

"The general features seem to be all mouth," retorted Mr. Timmins, examining his acquisition. "If our general features are all alike, my visage must remind you of an earthquake. Hi! kichee! kichee! What makes her fold up her legs like that?"

"She can't help it," reasoned Mrs. Timmins. "They'll straighten out in time."

"No time like the present," quoted Mr. Timmins; and he took his daughter's feet and commenced pulling her limbs. "I don't want any bandy-legged first in this family, while I'm at the head of it."

Naturally the baby began to cry, and Mr. Timmins essayed to soothe it.

"Hi! kichee! kichee! kich-ee-ee!" he chirruped "Great Scott, what a cavern! Have you any idea how much this mouth weighs? Hi! kichee! kichee-e! You'll have to get that mouth roofed in before next winter. What's the matter with her?"

"Perhaps you hurt her. Let me take her, please," pleaded Mrs. Timmins.

"She's doing well enough. Hi, you! Hold up. Haven't you anything to catch this mouth in? It's spilling all over the neighbourhood. Hi! Topsy, Genevieve, Cleopatra! I'm going to have trouble breaking this young one's temper, I can see that. Here, bend the other way at once!" and Mr. Timmins tried to straighten up his offspring without avail.

"Let her come to me, do, please," moaned Mrs. Timmins, and Mr. Timmins was forced to hand her over.

"Well, that's a fine baby," said he, nursing his knee and eyeing the infant. "What're those bumps over its eyes for? What preponderance of intelligence do they represent?"

"You mustn't talk so," remonstrated Mrs. Timmins. "She's the handsomest child you ever saw."

"Well, she's got to stop biting her nails before she's much older. Here, take your hands out of your mouth, can't you? Why don't you put her hands down?"

"Why, all babies do that," explained Mrs. Timmins. "You can't stop that."

"I'm going to try," said Mr. Timmins, "and I don't want to be interfered with in bringing this child up. Here, put your hands in your pockets! Don't you let me see any more nail biting, or you and I'll have an argument. She gets that from your family, Mrs. Timmins."

"I say, dear, don't you want to go and order some things?" asked Mrs. Timmins.

"No," rejoined her husband; "I want to see this youngster. Where's her chin? Do babies always have their upper jaw set right on their shoulders? Kichee, kichee! I don't believe she's quite right. Where's her forehead? Great Moses! Her head is all on the back part! That baby's got to be pressed. It's got no shape."

"Get away," exclaimed Mrs. Timmins indignantly. "She's a perfect angel. There's nothing in the world the matter with her."

"Of course you know," growled Mr. Timmins. "You don't want anything more than a hundred yards of grey holland, and an exceeded income to be an orphan asylum. If I had your faith and the measles, I'd make a living as a foundling's home! She'll be old enough to spank in a week, won't she?"

"No, she won't," said Mrs. Timmins. "She'll never be old enough for that."

"She will," grunted Mr. Timmins; "if she isn't, she'll get it before she matures up to that period. That's all. Let me take her. Here, let's have her."

But Mrs. Timmins flatly refused.

"Keep your baby, then!" roared Mr. Timmins. "If you know more about babies than I do, then keep her. The way you coddle her one would think she was new paste for the complexion. Fit you up with a broken sofa and a grease spot, and you'd do for a nursery."

And Mr Timmins started off to find his friend Speckwick, who congratulated him, and started off with him to assist him in the selection of some things for the household

"No," said Miss Elder, kindly, but firmly, "I cannot marry you, but I'll be a——"

"Thanks, Miss Elder," interrupted the rejected one, spitefully, "but I have two grandmothers."

Father (trying a would-be son-in-law): "Young man, will you be able to take care of my daughter in the style to which she has always been accustomed?"

Young Man: "I'll guarantee it, sir, or return the girl. Come, it's a bargain."

He: "How charming you look, dear, in that new dress! It becomes you admirably."

She: "Oh, yes! That's an old story. When the season is changing you always discover how charming I am in my old clothes!"

Hints on Health.—Don't shake a hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home. Don't try to take the right of way from an express train at a railway crossing. Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of the fire to see if it is alive.

"One strong point about this broom," said the grocer, "is the handle. It is made of tough seasoned wood. You could knock a man down with it and not break it."

"I think," observed Mr. Enpecque timidly, "I would —hum—prefer one with a fragile handle, if you please."

Mr. Fitts: "There is no getting out of it. We must get a divorce. Shall I apply for it, or you?"

Mrs. Fitts: "Great Scott, why?"

Mr. Fitts: "That is what I said. No less than eighteen of the people who gave us presents when we were wed are to be married this month. It is either divorce or ruin."

FACTS.

The Glasgow Savings Bank is the largest in the United Kingdom.

In all the wars in which Britain has taken part she has won 82 per cent. of the battles.

Out of amateur novel-writers only about three in every hundred find their way into print, except at their own expense.

Hermits in China have strange notions. They tear out their eyes with the idea that by closing the two gates of love they open the thousand gates of wisdom.

The rarest stamp in the world is said to be an American one—Brattleboro, 1846. Unused specimens are very rare, but there is supposed to be only one used specimen in existence. It is worth £250.

The test of excellence applied to Japanese swords years ago was very rigid. It was to suspend the blade horizontally, edge upward, under a tree, and a good weapon was expected to cut in twain any leaf that fell upon it.

It may not be generally known that when the French broke down in 1870, application was actually made to Spiers and Pond to feed the troops, in spite of the obvious fact that such a course would have been a breach of neutrality.

Farmers in Mexico use oxen of one colour in the morning, and of another colour in the afternoon. They have no reason for doing so beyond the fact that their forefathers did it, and they conclude it must be the right thing to do.

One of the paying professions of Paris is said to be that of a trunk-packer. In many of the little trunk shops you can hire a man who will pack your trunk artistically, folding expensive gowns and other garments in tissue paper, and stowing away delicate *bric-a-brac* in the safest way.

Sea-Fowls' eggs have one remarkable peculiarity—they are nearly conical in form, broad at the base, and sharp at the point, so that they will only roll in a circle. They are sometimes laid on the bare edges of high rocks, from which they would almost surely roll save for this happy provision of Nature.

Fire is an essential in some wedding celebrations. In Persia the service is read in front of a fire. In Nicaragua the priest, taking the couple each by the little fingers, leads them to an apartment where a fire is lighted, and there instructs the bride in her duties, extinguishing it by way of conclusion. In Japan the woman kindles a torch, and the bridegroom lights one from it, the playthings of the wife being burnt then and there.

No animal will face danger more readily, at man's bidding, than the elephant. As an instance, take the following incident, which recently occurred in India. A small female elephant was charged by a buffalo, in high grass, and her rider, in the hurry of the moment, and perhaps owing to the sudden stopping of the elephant, fired an explosive shell from his rifle, not into the buffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. The wound was so severe that it had not healed a year later. Yet the elephant stood firm, although it was gored by the buffalo, which was then killed by another gun. What is even more strange is that the elephant was not "gun-shy" afterward.

It will scarcely be believed that wheat is sold in the United Kingdom under nearly two hundred different systems of weight. There is almost as much diversity in regard to barley and oats. The result is that quotations from the various markets create bewilderment and confusion even in the minds of experts. Two sessions ago the House of Commons delegated to a select committee the task of bringing about some sort of uniformity, and that body has been re-appointed, with Mr. Jasper More again as chairman. So far the preponderance of opinion has been in favour of the adoption of the one hundredweight of 112 lbs. as a step towards the decimal system.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE has been paid up to April 25th 1893, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 615 and against all General Accidents, to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 613.

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The tallest Englishmen are the natives of the Border counties.

MEMORABLE ABDICATIONS.

A MONARCH abdicates, and there is usually a good and sufficient reason for doing so. Either he has had enough of the people he governs, or they have had enough of him.

If it is not one or the other of these causes that compels him to resign, then it is because he has been on the throne for an exceptionally long period, and considers it his duty to abdicate in favour of a more youthful ruler who would be able to handle the reins of government much better than he himself could ever hope to do in his old age.

But cases of this sort are isolated in the history of the world. In fact, there has been really only one man who has abdicated under such circumstances. This was the Emperor Khienlung of China, who, after a glorious and successful reign of sixty years' duration, stepped down from the Dragon Throne, ostensibly because he had no desire to continue there longer than had done his illustrious grandfather, Kanghi, who had governed the Chinese Empire for exactly the same number of years, but in reality because he felt that he had reigned long enough for all good purposes.

His Government was in a most prosperous condition at the time of his abdication, and whatever cavilling historians may say to the contrary, there is not the slightest doubt that Khienlung was prompted to relinquish the exalted position he had so gloriously and honourably filled for three score years solely by motives of magnanimity and self-sacrifice.

Very different was the case of Diocletian, the Roman Emperor. He had been on the throne scarcely twenty years before he sought refuge from the cares and worries of State by abdication.

The ceremony which took place at his formal resignation was attended by great pomp and solemnity. Standing on a raised platform the Emperor divested himself of the Imperial purple raiment before the assembled army and populace, and then entered a covered chariot, in which he was driven away to his home at Salona, in Dalmatia, where he had been born sixty years previously.

Diocletian lived in retirement for nine years, during which period he had the satisfaction of refusing an invitation to resume the Imperial title which was offered to him again, and of expressing his opinion that the "growth of cabbages afforded him as much satisfaction as the pursuit of power."

German chronicles abound in instances of abdications of a more or less interesting nature. The most memorable are those which relate to the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria and the Emperor Charles V. of Germany.

The first is especially noteworthy from the fact that the abdication was declared by Ferdinand, the renunciation of his claim to the throne was made by his brother the Archduke Francis Charles, and the accession of the present Emperor Francis Joseph was effected all at the same moment before the Diet in the small Moravian town of Kremsier.

When the Emperor Charles V. found it necessary, through ill-health and the vicissitude of fortune, to surrender his hold to the German throne, he was obliged to perform the act of abdication on three separate and distinct occasions, the carrying out of which extended over a period of nearly twelve months.

This state of affairs arose in consequence of the subdivision of his empire between Philip of Spain, his son, and Ferdinand his brother. On the 25th October, 1555, he transferred the Netherlands to Philip, and on the 15th of January in the following year renounced in his favour the crowns of Spain and Italy. In August, 1556, he handed over the German Empire to his brother Ferdinand, who two years later was confirmed in the dignity by the Electoral College.

At the first of these ceremonies Charles stated in a speech made at Brussels, that since his seventeenth year his whole thoughts had been occupied in promoting the welfare of his empire, and that his reign had been one long uninterrupted pilgrimage, in proof of which he pointed out that he had been nine times to Germany, six to Spain, four to France, seven to Italy, ten to the Netherlands, twice to England, twice to Africa, and, finally, that he had made eleven voyages by sea.

The two years which intervened between the abdication of the ex-Emperor and his death were passed at the Convent de St. Just at Estremadura, where he employed his time in prayer, making watches, and carrying out the rehearsal of his own funeral, by lying in a coffin and giving directions as to the manner in which the ceremony should be performed.

Watchmaking became a passion with him, and after a great deal of labour he succeeded in producing a couple of watches, which, however, failed to keep identical time. This incident forced to his lips the philosophical remark, 'How could it be expected that a man should keep all the separate parts of an extensive Government in unison if he could not make two watches, of which all the parts were the same, go alike."

Amurath II. of the Ottoman Empire abdicated because he had had enough of his people. Keeping the troublesome Turks in order and trying to run the Government on smooth and equable lines he found much less pleasant work than the comparatively quiet ease enjoyed by an Eastern gentleman, so on the death of his eldest son, Alaeddin, in 1444, he abdicated in favour of his second boy, Mahomet, and sought rest and consolation in the retirement of domestic life.

But it was not long before disturbances on the Danube brought him to the front again, and his defeat of the Austrian troops at Varna signalised his return to power. A few months later he retired a second time, but the mutinous conduct of the Turkish troops compelled him to once more come forward and resume control of the Empire until his death in 1451.

This is the only instance in history where a monarch has formally abdicated on two separate occasions, and yet died whilst exercising supreme power in his kingdom.

Revolutions have played no insignificant part in the compulsory abdication of sovereigns, and we have most striking instances of the kind displayed in the forced retirement of Richard II. of England in 1399, Mary of Scotland at Lochleven in 1567, Charles X. of France in 1830, Louis Philippe in 1848 Charles Albert of Sardinia 1849, Amadeo of Spain in 1873, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria in 1886.

In England under no circumstances whatever, is the reigning Sovereign permitted to abdicate without the full and free consent of both Houses of Parliament. The only conspicuous instance of an English monarch abdicating without being actually torn from the throne was that of James II. By reason of his leaving the country, and committing other acts of what were at that time designated "desertion of constitutional office," he was simply declared by vote of judicature to have "abdicated the throne of England," without being consulted at all in the matter.

THE sting of a bee is only one-thirty-second of an inch long. It's your imagination that makes it seem as long as a hoe handle.

MUFF is defined as a "thing which holds a girl's hand and doesn't squeeze it." But any fellow is a "muff" who will keep a girl's hand without squeezing it.

"HERE, Freddy, there's a nice book about a good, kind missionary, who was killed by the wicked savages."

"Thanks, mamma. Do you have to read far before they kill him?"

HER MOTHER: "I saw him kiss you. I am terribly shocked. I did not for a moment imagine he would take such a liberty!"

Herself: "Nor did I, ma. In fact, I bet him he daren't."

A YOUNG woman sent to the newspaper a poem, entitled, "I Cannot Make Him Smile," and was much displeased when the editor sent it back with a line saying that she would probably succeed if she showed him the poem.

A YOUNG lady in Preston recently doused a young man with a pailful of water while he was on his knees begging her to be his bride. Never get on your knees before a Preston girl. Grasp her round the waist at once. It makes her angry to lose time.

"ARE you fond of etchings?" asked the young man who had taken the hostess's pretty niece from the country down to supper.

"As a general thing, yes," she answered, looking up into his eyes with an engaging frankness that threatened havoc in his heart; "but," she added hastily, as he started to say something pretty, "not any to-night thank you—it is rather late. A small piece of jelly will be sufficient."

ONE stormy morning while a party of Scots were crossing from Arran to Ardrossan, one of their number was observed by his companions to be sitting by the side of the boat with a very woe-begone expression on his face, and eventually suffering severely from sea-sickness. On seeing this one of the travellers approached him, and said kindly:

"Are you sick, Georgie?"

"Ma gudeness," said Georgie, looking up in evident disgust, "d'ye think 'am doing it for fun?"

YOUR ATTENTION, READERS, PLEASE!

Perchance you want a Society paper every week. Should this be so, remember that PEARSON'S SOCIETY NEWS *is not only the most readable but also the most reliable journal of the kind sold at a penny.*

It is published every Thursday in a blue wrapper, and is printed on beautifully finished paper.

Besides all the latest Society gossip, there is a complete story every week, and many brightly written articles on topical and general subjects.

If you care for prize schemes S.N. *is certainly the kind of paper you want, for we have a page almost entirely devoted to this end.*

RESULT OF ADDED WORD COMPETITION.

No. 1.

THE word which has the highest numerical value was "superstitions, page 599, column 1, line 94. It totalled up to 211, while no other word exceeded the two hundred.

Guineas have been forwarded to the following five persons:—

C. E. Warren, 10, Maristow, Saltash.

Thomas William Griffin, 6, North John Street, Mayer Street, Mount Street, Salford

H. Bevan, 30, Claremont Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Lance-Corporal G. MacIntyre, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, Guards Depot, Caterham, Surrey.

Mrs. Eyatt, 87, Mes ina Avenue, Kilburn, N.W.

Pencil-cases have been forwarded to the first twenty-five persons named below, and pen-knives to the remaining twenty-five.

Fanny Adney, Glenreiv, Brecon; J. Griffith Carrol, 4, Wallwood Villa, Wallwood Road, Leytonstone; Miss Davis, Belvoir Hotel, Rhyl; Samuel Brierley, 22, Cleveland Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; Frederick Taylor, 34, Chapel Place, Erskine Street, Liverpool; George Grundy, 109, Heaton Lane, Stockport; P. Ronoul, 2½, Charles Street, St. Heliers, Jersey; A. W. Smith, Sergeant, Medical Staff Corps, Barracks, Lincoln; W. Lawson, "Mohawk Minstrels," Agricultural Hall, London, N.; Corporal Taylor, 80 Company, A. S. Corps New Granby Barracks, Devonport; E. Oldfield Effingham Street, Rotherham; George T. Vivian, 183, Manchester Road, Denton, near Manchester; J. W. Baker, Aire Street, Knottingley, Yorkshire; G. Wynne, Broad Street, Welshpool; Mr. C. Bassom, High Street, Billericay, Essex; James O'Sullivan, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh; W Showler 5, Spring Road, Portswood, Hants; Anna O'Shaughnessy, 6, Dalymount Terrace, Philsboro Road, Dublin; G. F. Gass, 23, Union Street, Kendal; T. S. Lloyd, Phœnix Brewery, Cardiff; William Hodgson, Kennedy's Buildings, High Hold, via Chester-le-Street; Ellen Neave, 40, Gloucester Street, Middleton Street, Clerkenwell; Corporal Arksane, 29th Company Royal Engineers, Garrison Pt. Fort, Sheerness; H. P. Beavan, Trent N. School, New Barnet, N.; Jas. Rouse, 60, Burns Street, Bootle, Liverpool; G. Burke, M.A.A., H.M.S. "Defiance," Devonport; Jas. Carrick, 14, Fallow Street, Middlesbrough; J. E. S. Tuckett, Tramore, Redland, Bristol; Nicholas John Heller, Post Office, Penzance; C. D. Hamilton Moore, 52, Charleville Road, West Kensington; George Oakey, 4, Severn View, Sharpness Pt.; Sergt. G. Moule, R.A., Shorncliffe, Kent; Philip J. Turner, Wimbourne House, Tower Street, Ipswich; Arthur Bardell, 2, Temperance Place, Bedsham Street, Birmingham; John M. Mackenzie, O.R.Cr. Sergt., Guards' Depot, Caterham; Mrs. Fanny Lockey, 84, Herbert Street, New North Road, London, N.; John Angus, care of G. and S. W. Railway Co., 172, High Street, Glasgow; W. Compton, 46, Dale View Road, Stamford Hill, N.; Mrs. Sheppard, Clarence Villa, Shirehampton, near Bristol; E. Heath, 232A, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.; J. H. Laycock, Mineral Water Works, Tonbridge; L. Claxton, Priory School, Bridlington, Yorks; W. L. Keenan, 179, Fountain Buildings, Liverpool; T. W. Oatfield, 456, Borough Road, Birkenhead; Colour-Sergt. Mills, Army Pay Department, Station Pay Office, Ayr, N.B.; Alex. Phillips, 40, Lorley Street, Millfield, Sunderland; G. Swann, 51, Cranbrook Park, Wood Green; Charles Pandleton, Cyprus Villa, Garforth, near Leeds; W. F. Mayes, 6, Westbourne Park Crescent, Paddington; W. Granger, 86, North Road, Brighton, Sussex.

A STRANGE CURE.

THEODORE B—— once contemplated suicide. He had loaded a pistol and sent for a friend to impart his last wishes to him. The friend came and made not the slightest attempt to turn him from his purpose, but sat down and coolly wrote out his instructions.

Then, while B—— was writing a last farewell epistle, his friend carelessly took up the pistol, which was at full cock, examined it, and pointed it at the writer. The latter at once slipped under the table with marvellous agility, and shouted: "Now then, be careful! Do you know what you are about? That thing is loaded!"

The extreme oddity of the situation provoked irresistible mirth, which cured B—— of his morbid tendency.

ETHER DRUNKARDS.

MORE than two tons of ether, it appears, are carried every year on the railways in one district of the North of Ireland.

The head-quarters of ether drinking is Drapertown.

On market and fair days, wherever there is a crowd, the atmosphere reeks with the fumes of ether. The smell is overpowering, nauseating, and loathsome.

Persons of both sexes and all ages have become slaves to this degrading and intractable disease. Women drink as much as men. One great advantage of ether from the point of view of the etheromaniac is this—you can get drunk and sober again so rapidly.

The drinker of ether can become intoxicated, and regain sobriety before the drinker of alcohol has really become properly intoxicated.

I have known an alcoholist get thoroughly drunk twice in twenty-four hours, though this rarely happens; but the educated etherist can, at a pinch, get drunk and sober again six times in the same space of time.

I have seen a man sober as a judge at noon, offensively drunk on ether in twenty-five minutes, and as sober as before by a quarter past one o'clock.

The phases of an ether outbreak can all be exhibited in even less time. The inexperienced can be drunk and sober again before he has any idea of being drunk.

At first it seems to produce very little serious effect, but if persisted in it brings on premature old age, and many disorders. Chronic and distressing inflammation of the stomach, impairment of the digestive functions, trembling melancholy, and suspicions, lividity, coldness, intermittent pulse, with persistent wasting, have not infrequently been the penalties paid by the excessive ether-taker.

You can get drunk with ether for fourpence; but when you are a seasoned vessel, it costs you as much as a shilling.

THE REASON WHY.

"YOUNG man," said an intellectual-looking old party, with a high forehead and deep lines of thought beneath his eyes, "you tell me that you are a writer for the alleged funny papers?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man humbly.

"Now I am a writer myself," went on the wise old gentleman ponderously. "I write on subjects that instruct; that lift the mind upward and carry it onward; I give the people food for thought, and broaden and develop their lives. You simply amuse them; you drag them down and flatten them out. Why do you fritter away your talents thus wantonly and perniciously?"

"Because," replied the humorist very much depressed, "I can make £10 a week at it?"

"Ten pounds a week," shouted the old man, and he nearly fell off his chair. "Great Scott, my young friend, lend me a fiver."

THE MUTILATION OF TEETH.

IT is curious to what an extent the mutilation of teeth goes on among savage nations, and even among certain civilised people, such as the Japanese.

With them a girl is never married without first staining her teeth black with a repulsive kind of varnish, and the custom is especially adhered to amongst members of the richer classes. On the West Coast of Africa a large proportion of the teeth are deliberately broken when children reach a certain age.

Both in the new world and the old the custom exists of extracting the two front teeth of domestic servants. In Peru the custom has existed from time immemorial, and used to be a sign of slavery in the days of the Incas. This is also the custom on the Congo and among the Hottentots.

Teeth are stained in various colours among the Malays. A bright red and a bright blue are not uncommon, and a bright green is produced with the aid of arsenic and lemon-juice. Livingstone related that among the Kaffirs a child with a prominent upper jaw was looked upon as a monster, and immediately killed.

On the Upper Nile the negroes have all their best teeth extracted in order to destroy their value in the slave market, and to make it not worth while for the slave traders to carry them off.

CROSS-EXAMINED.

SKILL in examination is perhaps one of the most important qualifications of the barrister. The case was a murder, and a lawyer was retained for his reputed skill in criminal cases. On cross-examination he went at the witness after this manner:—

"Now (ahem), Mr. Tompkins, you say you saw the defendant kill the man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes—well—how did you know it was the defendant?"

"Because I saw him."

"But, sir, how did you know it was him?"

"I've known him for thirty years."

"You have?"

"Yes."

"Known him all that time?"

"Yes."

"You state it under oath?"

"Yes."

"How did he kill him?"

"He shot him with a revolver."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him."

"Did you see the revolver?"

"Certainly."

"Did you see it revolve?"

"No, sir."

"Aha! How did you know it was a revolver?"

"It looked like one."

"Um-hum! Did you see him pull the trigger?"

"No, of course not."

"Ah! Then you admit he didn't pull the trigger?"

"I saw the blaze and smoke."

"Did you see any bullet in the blaze and smoke? Would the blaze and smoke have caused death?"

"Of course not."

"Then what danger was there in firing?"

"The bullet was found in the victim's head."

"Did you see any bullet strike the deceased?"

"Of course not."

The barrister solemnly rose and addressed the Court.

"If your lordship please, we would like to introduce testimony in impeachment. Here is a man who swears that he saw one man kill another with a revolver, yet he neither saw the bullet leave the pistol nor strike the victim. He didn't even see the man pull the trigger."

"Are you addressing the Court?" asked the judge.

"Why, certainly, if your lordship please."

"How do you know?"

"Why, your lordship certainly hears me."

"Yes, but you neither see your words leave your mouth nor strike the Court's ears."

The barrister sat down.

POETRY AND BOARDING.

"POETRY, thou sylph divine," he rhapsodied in his seven-by-nine bedroom, when there came a low but distinct rap at his door.

"Oh, dearest, may I call thee mine?" he concluded his rhyming measure as he opened the door, and fell into the arms of his landlady, who was a widow.

"Then this bill is cancelled," she said as she tore it up and flung her 250 pounds of too solid flesh into his arms, which were aghast at receiving her. (That may not be the right word, but it sounds better than agape.)

"No more board bills," he murmured blissfully, as he took the situation, likewise the widow.

"And no more impecunious boarders in this bedroom," she said in a tone that made him wince; "this room shall bring in a weekly income of seven shillings."

"It shall," he said, "and we will collect it in advance, for you can never tell when a boarder will skip out."

And late that night he acted on his own suggestion, and the landlady is minus a boarder, a bill, and a prospective husband. The poetical youth had eloped with his muse.

FOOD AND THE VOICE.

NOT long ago a list was published of the drinks favoured by the great singers of modern times. Different wines were regarded by different vocalists as possessing desirable qualities, and London stout was the prime favourite of a large number.

A writer in a musical journal attaches as much importance to what singers eat as to what they drink, and, as he has had a large experience in engaging singers for important tours in this country, his opinion is worth listening to. He says he never loses time in looking for a fine vocalist in a country where fish and meat diet prevails.

The Italians who eat the most fish (those of Naples and Genoa) have few fine singers among them. In Ireland the sweet voices are found in women of the country, but not of the towns. Norway is not a country of singers, because they eat too much fish; but Sweden is a country of grain and song. The carnivorous birds croak, grain-eating birds sing.

This is a very sweeping indictment, but it does not alter the fact that many of the best singers of the day include a moderate quantity of meat in their daily bill of fare. Precept and practice, however, do not always go together. A reporter called on an eminent tenor one night after he had been delighting thousands, for the purpose of ascertaining his views on the question whether or not smoking was injurious to the voice.

The singer said he considered that smoking was a decidedly bad thing for the voice, and having given this opinion he offered a cigarette to the reporter, and lit one for himself.

A BOGUS DETECTIVE TRICK.

VERY amusing was the following theft, perpetrated on a Parisian jeweller in the Palais Royal:—

One afternoon two young men entered and asked to see some diamond rings. They examined the case a long time; and as the proprietor turned away for a moment, one of them slipped half a dozen rings that were on a wire loop in his pocket.

As the rings were in separate compartments the dealer at once saw his loss. The Palais Royal, surrounded as it is with colonnades, has only three or four entrances, and these are generally guarded by policemen. By touching an electric button the jeweller could easily summon aid to arrest the men. He was about to do this, when an individual in the blue overcoat of the police entered, and drew him aside confidentially.

"Do you know who those two men are?" he said in a whisper.

"I suppose they are thieves, as one has just pocketed half a dozen of my best diamond rings," said the proprietor.

"Exactly, they are men of renown, and the police have been chasing them for months. We know that they live by thieving, but have never been able to catch them red-handed in the act. Now, I'll tell you what we must do. I will arrest and handcuff them here and take them down to the prefecture in a carriage. The diamonds will be found on them and we shall have a clear case against them. You can call down there an hour later and claim your property, also half of the reward for their capture."

So it happened that the two young men, after slight resistance, were handcuffed and led out to a carriage that stood in waiting by one of the entrances. The jeweller waited an hour and then went down to the prefecture to claim his jewels. They knew nothing of the matter. He made such a row that he was threatened with a night in the station if he did not moderate his language. He went back to the shop sadder if not wiser. As for the three thieves who had played him such a clever trick, he never saw them again.

SURVIVED HIS OWN EXECUTION.

A MAN who has attended his own execution and still survives to relate the details is surely worthy of a short paragraph.

His name is Colonel Marteras, and in 1869 he was on the point of being proclaimed President of Uruguay, when he was arrested, charged with treason, and sentenced to be shot.

On Monday, June 30, of that year, he was bound to a chair, and taken by a platoon of soldiers out of the capital to a cleared spot in the heart of a forest.

At the word "Fire!" a nervous shock caused Marteras to fall to the ground.

A workman, hearing the volley, went to ascertain the cause, and saw Marteras badly wounded, but not dead by any means, lying on the ground.

He and Marteras both now often tell of the supposed execution of the "French pretender."

THE NEEDED COMMON PRONOUN.

THE necessity of a personal pronoun of common gender cannot be much longer ignored by writers. The awkward and ungrammatical methods of expression which the lack of such a pronoun compels, have become intolerable, and, especially in the department of criticism, the need is one which is daily growing more pressing. What is required is a word which will be readily taken up and assimilated spontaneously. With this in view I beg to suggest one which may meet with favour. It is as follows:

Nominative, Hi; progressive, Hes; objective, Hem. The advantages of this pronoun are—first, brevity; second, resemblance to both the masculine and feminine forms of the third person singular; and third, conformity to the existing endings. To the book-reviewer, who is often sorely vexed as to the sex of an unknown author, what a boon it would be to be able to write:

"The author of this poem is unknown to us, but hi exhibits such undeniable talent, and many of hes lines are so strong, that we may confidently look to hem for notable work in the future."

Of course, the eye and ear experience a shock at first, but this will be the case with any word which can be coined.

THE STORY OF A SERIAL.

AIME MILLET, the French sculptor, who died recently, was an *habitué* of the Divan Lepelletier, a Bohemian club in Paris frequented by artists, authors, and newspaper men.

His best friend in the club was Paul Duplessis, the novelist who long wrote the feuilleton in THE PATRIE.

The two men had a standing engagement to meet at the club every evening shortly before dinner. One evening when Duplessis was late Millet strode impatiently up and down the reception room.

Finally Duplessis arrived, forty-five minutes late. Millet sprang to him and caught him by both shoulders.

"What's the matter?" ejaculated the novelist.

"A question," replied Millet. "My father reads your serial novel in THE PATRIE with tremendous care and interest. Yesterday you left the Countess in a most critical position. She had fallen into an ambush of those who were intent on getting her out of the way. Must she really die?"

"Yes," answered Duplessis, "she must die. She will be killed with a dagger-thrust by the Corsican Asiani."

Millet dropped into a chair, struck his fist on the table, and exclaimed:

"I have no luck—no luck at all."

"But what has that to do with my Countess?" asked the novelist.

"Everything. My father bet with me that the Countess would die. I took his bet because I thought you would be obliged to rescue her from her perilous position so as to use her in the rest of the story."

"How much did you bet?"

"Ten louis d'or."

"You did! That's too much."

"Yes, yes, too much, and I with all my debts," wailed Millet. "Can't you help me?"

Duplessis reflected a minute, looked at his watch, and said:

"It is nine o'clock. The page on which my story appears will go to press in half an hour. If we hurry we may reach the office in time to save the Countess."

In an instant Millet was in the street shouting for a cab, and Duplessis was close behind him. Both men were hatless.

The cab came, they jumped in, and drove off like mad to the office of THE PATRIE. They arrived there at the last minute. The instalment of the novel prepared for the next day was hastily withdrawn.

Duplessis worked all night saving the Countess, and appeared on the following afternoon at THE PATRIE office with a revised edition of the next chapters of his novel.

The Countess had been saved, and with her Millet's ten louis d'or.

The water drunk in London every day would form a lake 700 yards long, 200 yards broad, with a uniform depth of six feet.

HOME NOTES.

A Page more Particularly for Ladies.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked Home Notes.

A Candle may be made to fit any candlestick by dipping the end in very hot water, and then pushing it into the socket, when it will remain quite firm.

Lentil Porridge. Take three tablespoonsful of lentil flour, a saltspoonful of salt, and a pint of water. Mix the flour and salt into a paste with cold water, add gradually the rest of the water. Boil from ten to fifteen minutes, stirring all the time.

Almond Paste to put on Cakes is made thus: Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, grind one pound of best almonds very fine, moistening them with rose-water. Mix with the eggs, and add to this one pound of castor sugar. Lay the paste evenly over the cake, and let it dry in a very slow oven. (*Reply to* Winifred.)

Is Castor-Oil a Good Dressing for the Hair? This is not at all an unpleasant application, if the oil is nicely scented and of a superior quality. I have not tried it, but have often heard that it has a wonderful stimulating effect. If you do not find it effectual, please write to me, and give your address, and I can help you. (*Reply to* A. J. D.)

An Excellent Polish for Brown Boots can be made thus:—Mix one ounce of muriatic acid, half an ounce of alum, half an ounce of spirit of lavender, half an ounce of gum arabic in about a pint and a half of sour skim milk. This should be applied to the boots with a flannel, and when dry polished with a soft duster. It is a good plan to wash brown boots with saddle soap about once a fortnight before polishing. Stains can be removed with methylated spirits. (*Reply to* Bishop's Stortford.)

Australian Mutton Cutlets in Jelly. Take a tin of Australian mutton, and cut it into neat slices; remove all the fat, and place on a dish a little distance apart. Pour over them some warm savoury jelly, and let it get cold. When quite cold, dip a knife into warm water, and cut round each cutlet about a quarter of an inch from its edge, so as to leave that quantity of jelly all round, and do not disturb the jelly on the top of them. Place the cutlets on your dish; and garnish with cold boiled vegetables, such as peas, carrots, and turnips cut into small shapes, French beans cut up, or pieces of cauliflower.

My Coltsfoot Wine Recipe is this:—Boil one gallon of water with two and a half pounds of moist sugar and the beaten white of an egg for forty minutes. Have a quarter of a peck of fresh-gathered coltsfoot flowers, and one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, in a pan, and pour the boiling liquor over them. Cover the vessel closely, and let the ingredients infuse for three days; stir thrice daily. Then add one tablespoonful of good yeast, keep it well mixed and covered close until it has worked freely. Then strain into a cask, upon half an ounce, or more to taste, of bruised ginger, and the rind of half a Seville orange. Let it remain open, covering the bung-hole with a tile, until it has ceased fermenting. Add a quarter of a pint of brandy, stop up the cask securely, and keep it for twelve months; then bottle, and it will be fit for use six months later. (*Reply to* Anington, Sudbury.)

Brill à la Reine. This is a good way of cooking the fish which gives as good results as frying, without the disagreeable smell that the latter plan involves. Empty, wash, and dry a moderate sized brill. Rub the inside of the dish in which it is to be cooked with butter, and sprinkle upon it a little pepper and salt, grated nutmeg, and finely-chopped parsley. Place the brill upon this and sprinkle a little more seasoning on the upper part of it. Put about an ounce of butter, broken in small pieces, here and there upon it, dredge it well with flour and add two glasses of light wine, and one or two tablespoonsful of mushroom juice or ketchup. Bake the fish in a moderate oven and when it is done enough, lift it carefully upon the dish on which it is to be served. Keep it hot and prepare the sauce as follows: Pour the liquor from the baking-dish into a saucepan, thicken with a little flour and butter, stir over the fire for a minute or two and then pour round the fish. The sauce may be varied by the addition of a little essence of anchovy, nutmeg, cayenne, or lemon-juice. Garnish the grill with fried bread and green parsley. Bake this fish twenty to twenty-five minutes or longer according to size. (*Reply to* Gala.)

A Tasty Sauce to eat with chops is made thus:—Take three tablespoonsful of gravy, two of Worcester sauce, add salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of shallot vinegar. Stir till very hot, and serve.

How to Clean White India-Rubber. Take some lukewarm water, and a nice clean piece of flannel. Wet the flannel, and soap it with common yellow soap and crystal soap together, and with it rub the rubber, which will speedily become perfectly clean as new.

Remember this when Putting Away Winter Clothes. Clothes, when laid by for a time, especially those of a heavy kind, acquire an unpleasant odour which requires considerable exposure to the air before it can be got rid of. It will be quite prevented by laying recently-made charcoal between the folds of the garments, and even when the odour exists the charcoal will absorb it.

The Isobel Scissors are exactly the kind you require. They are very strong, and do not give sore places on the thumb as other kinds are apt to do. Whether you are a professional cutter for the trade, or a private individual, you will find that this particular make of scissors fills a long-felt need. Write to Messrs. Marsden Bros., Bridge Street Works, Sheffield, for the Isobel Scissors, price 2s. 6d. per pair, post free. (*Reply to* Lame Henry.)

Potato Soufflé. Potatoes at this time of the year are not so good as they have been, and are apt to look poor when plain boiled. Try a potato soufflé and pass a pound or a pound and a quarter of potato through a sieve, melt a small piece of butter in a gill of milk, season with pepper, salt, and a suspicion of mace; add the yolks of two well-beaten eggs, and then the potato. Just before putting in the oven add the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a pie-dish in a quick oven for fifteen minutes. Serve immediately.

Marking Ink. Dissolve separately one ounce of nitrate of silver with one and a half ounces of good washing soda. Mix the solutions and collect and wash the precipitate in a filter. Whilst still moist rub it up in a marble or stone mortar with three drachms of tartaric acid; add two ounces of distilled water, mix six drachms of white sugar and ten drachms of powdered gum arabic, half an ounce of archil, and enough water to make up six ounces. This recipe was much appreciated by a correspondent of mine, so I hope you will find it suit your purpose. (*Reply to* Gloster, Commercial Road.)

Nettle Beer. Take a peck of nettle leaves picked from the stalks, a handful of dandelion, and the same of coltsfoot. Pour over them three gallons of boiling water; cover, and let them remain till cold. Then strain, and to the liquor add two pounds of sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar, then an ounce of yeast and the same of ginger. Let it work for about twelve hours, skimming it carefully. Put it into champagne bottles, and tie the corks down. After a week the beer will be ready for use. New corks should be used that have been previously soaked in boiling water. (*Reply to* Kenilworth.)

Stewed Ox-Tail and Palate is a very nice dish and suitable for a small family, who are apt to find variety so difficult. Divide the tail at the joints, but let the palate remain whole. To each tail and palate allow a gallon of liquor (any nice stock will do), boil or bake it till the liquor is reduced to one half. By that time the palate will be sufficiently tender to peel off the prickly skin. Let the liquor cool and remove the fat. Season and colour some of the liquor, thicken it nicely with flour, and then place the tail and palate in it (the latter cut in neat pieces). Let all heat together, and have ready some slices of carrot, turnip, beans, etc., nicely boiled. Arrange the meat on a dish, pour over the gravy, and garnish prettily with the mixed vegetables and a little chopped parsley.

Whitewashing is an admirable manner of rendering all dwellings, stables, etc., clean and wholesome. The necessary ingredients being very cheap, this process should be a part of the yearly spring cleaning, which all good housewives have. Make your whitewash thus:—Place some lumps of quicklime in a bucket of cold water and stir it about till dissolved and mixed. After which apply it to the ceiling and walls with a long-handled brush, taking care to spread it thinly on all walls. When dry this is beautifully white. Some people use whiting and glue size for their whitewashing, but it is not so wholesome and cleansing at the time and is more expensive. If a mixture of whiting and size has been used on the wall previous to the lime wash, it will not take such a clear white colour. Where it is undesirable to have ceilings whitewashed, and they are discoloured with smoke, they can be temporarily improved by washing with soda water.

Novel Rhubarb Tart. When you are tired of plain rhubarb tarts an excellent change can be made by adding to rhubarb one teaspoonful of ginger, and half a glass of red wine—port by preference. These proportions are for a good sized tart.

Griddle Cakes. Take half a pound of fine oatmeal, and add to it one teaspoonful of sugar and the same of baking-powder, with a pinch of salt. Mix all these well together, then beat into it enough skim milk to make a light batter, and bake it by spoonfuls in the oven. If preferred a griddle may be used. Care should be taken that it is very clean.

Baked Omelet is a novelty, and very convenient when fire room does not allow a fried one. Beat two eggs lightly, and stir in two teaspoonsful of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Heat a cupful of hot milk, and in it put a teaspoonful of butter. Pour the milk on to the eggs, stir quickly, and pour into a hot buttered pudding dish and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

American Pudding. This is a delicious and economical pudding, and requires no eggs. Two large cupsful of flour, one of chopped suet, one of golden syrup, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one of carbonate of soda, one of ground ginger, a pinch of salt. A few currants or sultanas are an improvement. Mix well, tie in a cloth, leaving good room for swelling. Put quickly into a saucepan of boiling water, not lifting the lid for half an hour. Boil three hours. (*Thanks to* Dot.)

How Can I Remove Ink from a White Toilet Cover? There are several simple remedies which I advise your trying, and if they fail have recourse to the tar acid. Wet the spots with milk, then cover with common salt, or rub the spots with a cut lemon before washing. Rub the stains with a fluid of oxalic acid in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a cupful of hot water. Sometimes you will notice a reddish stain on the fabric after the oxalic acid. In this case apply a weak solution of chloride of lime, and wash the goods at once. (*Reply to* Annie, Carlisle.)

Two Vegetable Soups. *Tomato.*—Take one tin of tomatoes (or twelve ripe tomatoes), one Spanish onion, one carrot, half a turnip, quarter of a pound of rice, one pint of milk, a pinch of celery seed (tied in a piece of muslin), two ounces of butter, three pints of cold water, pepper and salt to taste, about one ounce of flour, and a large tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley. Skin, scald, and chop the onion very fine, scrape and then grate the carrot, cut the turnip in very thin slices, wash the rice and put all these ingredients with the tomatoes into a large saucepan and boil for half an hour. Then press as much of the pulp as possible through a colander, keeping back only the hard pieces of vegetables. Break the butter into pieces and roll it in the flour; add this, with the milk, to the soup, and stir over the fire till it boils. Throw in the parsley, and, if the tomatoes were not quite ripe, a lump of sugar.——*Artichoke.*—Boil about two dozen artichokes in water with salt, and, when tender, rub them through a sieve. Add enough milk or milk and water to make up a quart. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold water, and stir it in the soup. Let it boil, and it is ready for use. If a little cream is available, add it for it is a great improvement.

Isobel

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Answers to Correspondents.

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SCIENTIFIC.—Dr. Arthur Harries, M.D., Physician to the late Institute of Medical ...tricity; Dr. Russell Harris, M.D., and Arthur Paul, Esq., M.A., London, are ...ngst the well-known scientists who have recently visited the Electropathic and ...der Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. These gentlemen are unanimously ... opinion that Mr. Harness' Electrical Appliances are scientifically constructed, ...ctly manufactured, and admit of being placed upon and kept in exact and close ...act with the skin, or with any part of the body.

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is the basis of the rates of the Independent Order of Foresters. The Premiums are not loaded to make enormous profits, nor for equally enormous management expenses.

The cost of joining is for £200, £1 14s. 7d.; for £400, £2 0s. 10½.; and for £600, £2 5s. 0d. including medical examination. Court dues are usually 10s. per annum, which may be added to yearly cost.

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Only 5 per cent. can be taken for Management Expenses.

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Mr. Thompson, special organiser for Wales, will be glad to see intending members from 1 to 3 o'clock at 16, Windsor Place, Cardiff.

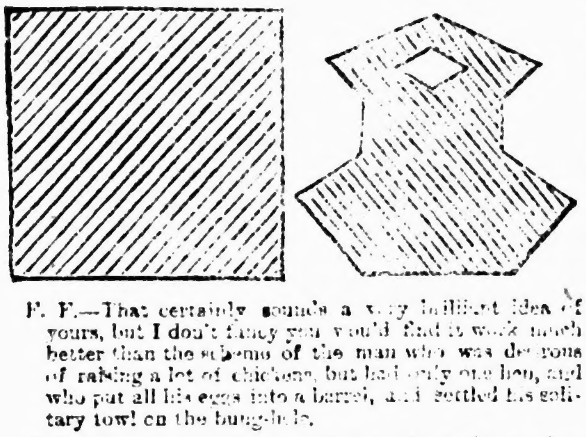
ABBREVIATED COMPARATIVE TABLE.

	Age last birthday.	Independent Order of Foresters. monthly	Independent Order of Foresters. per year.	Average yearly premium in Insurance Companies.	Yearly saving by joining the I.O.F.
		s. d.	£. s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d
For an Insurance Policy of £200.	19	2 6½	1 10 6	3 14 10	2 4 4
	30	2 0	1 16 0	5 1 8	3 5 8
	40	3 8	2 4 0	6 13 2	4 9 2
	49	5 7½	3 7 6	8 18 10	5 11 4
For a Policy of £400.	19	5 1	3 1 0	7 9 8	4 8 8
	30	6 0	3 12 0	10 3 4	6 11 4
	40	7 4	4 8 0	13 6 4	8 18 4
	49	11 3	6 15 0	17 17 8	11 2 8
For a Policy of £600.	19	7 7½	4 11 6	11 4 6	6 12 0
	30	9 0	5 8 0	15 5 0	9 17 0
	40	11 0	6 12 0	19 19 6	12 7 6
	49	16 10½	10 2 6	26 16 6	16 14 0

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

D[illegible] figure 1 into seven parts, and arrange them so as to form figure 2. A penknife to the first person from whom a correct solution is received, and to every twenty-fifth afterwards until fifty have been given away. Envelopes to be marked [illegible].

Fig. 1. Fig. 2.



F. F.—That certainly sounds a very brilliant idea of yours, but I don't fancy you would find it work much better than the scheme of the man who was desirous of raising a lot of chickens, but had only one hen, and who put all his eggs into a barrel, and settled his solitary fowl on the bung-hole.

T. R.—I am genuinely sorry to have to decide against you after your pathetic letter, but there is no getting away from the fact that your mother-in-law is perfectly correct, and you equally mistaken. Potatoes are not the roots of the plants, but an underground portion of the stem. They form as it were little compact warehouses filled with nourishment for the young plants that will presently spring from them if man does not interfere and spoil everything by trying to get his finger in the potato pie. In this matter potatoes differ from turnips, carrots, radishes, and the like, which are, of course, the roots themselves.

W. H. C. directs attention to the fact that the plan of auctioneers receiving remuneration for their services in the form of a commission paid by the buyer, mentioned in a recent issue as being customary in France, is to be found working in this country also, as Cornish auctions are conducted on precisely the same principle.

BILL.—There really isn't much cause for wonder at the amount of money that patent pill makers can afford to spend in advertising when one considers that about 6,000,000 pills are swallowed daily in this country. This means more than one a week for every man, woman, and child in the kingdom. I don't get down my one a week, and I expect that plenty of those who read this paragraph can say the same thing. The average is maintained by the folk—we won't call them something else that begins with the same two letters—who fancy that they can only keep themselves in health by swallowing copious doses of the little spheres which, according to their purveyors, are a certain cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Faith is said to move mountains. It also causes the pill-maker's bank balance to assume an upward tendency even more healthy than the state of those who swallow his concoctions should be, according to his advertisements.

H[illegible] (Happy [illegible]!)—Nine hundred bricks a day is about the number a good workman would be expected to lay. [illegible] the working day as seven hours, two a minute from the time the bell rings for work [illegible] comes round.

F. G.—The very best soil as the foundation for a dwelling-house is gravel. Gravel, that is to say, free from clay and having a porous substratum.

REFERRING to the recent remarks in this page on the varying price of gas in different localities, J. W. F. writes to say that the unfortunate inhabitants of West Calder, near Edinburgh, have to pay [illegible] 4d. per 1,000 cubic feet, while those lucky people who live in Sunderland are charged only from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 1d.

THE Author of "THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION" writes.—

There is nothing very new, though there is certainly something strange about the Flying Machine described in WORK a short time ago, and mentioned in the New and Strange column last week. The idea of the Venetian blind elevator was realised in very much better form in an article published in an American magazine called THE COSMOPOLITAN in November of last year, by Mr. John T. Holland. It is merely a clumsy and cumbrous form of Mr. Holland's superposed aeroplane, while the motive power seems to be vastly inferior to any of the four motors described in THE COSMOPOLITAN. A grave, in fact a fatal, defect is also the absence of vertical lifting power without which a practical flying machine is impossible. Lastly, it is strange indeed that any sensible person should have imagined that a machine of such a shape could be made to fly at any reasonable speed against the wind. The only form of aerial vessel that will offer sufficiently little resistance to the air will be that of the ship or the cigar. According to Mr. Holland the problem of aerial navigation must be solved ere long, but I scarcely think that the machine described in WORK will do much towards the solution.

THE Easter Holidays are a great institution from the public's point of view, always provided the clerk of the weather be propitious. In a newspaper office, however, they are a terrible nuisance whatever the meteorological conditions, and owing to their intervention we have been compelled to go to press with this number before the previous issue has been published. The consequence is there are no fresh subscriptions to the P.A.F. which can be acknowledged. All the more next time, I hope. Amount already received £215 19s. 3½d.

HARRY asks what is the biggest tip that has ever been given.——That's hard to say. I once saw a porter tipped from a railway-carriage step on to the back of his head on the platform by the train moving suddenly on and that, I expect, was a record in his case.

CONSTANT is in a sorry, although a somewhat ridiculous, plight. He is going to speak at a meeting over which a well-known scientific lady is to preside. It seems that in rehearsing before a looking-glass it suddenly struck him that it would be hardly correct to begin, "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen." He tried Mrs. Chairman and then Mrs. Chairwoman, and neither seemed quite the thing. "What in the world *am* I to say?" he asks beseechingly.——It can't be done, I am afraid. Much better give it up and do the conventional thing under the circumstances. That is to say address the lady by her name thus: "Mrs. X., ladies and gentlemen." This is quite correct and quite in order.

FANCIER.—The ordinary way of giving physic to a dog is simplicity itself. First take the dog between your knees, so that it cannot reach you with its teeth. Then pour a little drop of the medicine down the animal's mouth, a great deal on to your trousers, and the remainder on the ground. So far, all is well. Then stand aside and watch the dog eject his share of the dose. Repeat this process until tired.

H[illegible]. To understand the full significance of the term a "dead heat," you must first know what a heat is. A heat, then, is one course of a race, and was so called, it is commonly supposed, because the horses were allowed to cool down before they ran again.

S. E. R. writes:—"Can you tell me how purple became symbolic of Royalty?"——One of the principal reasons undoubtedly was the difficulty the ancients experienced in getting the colour. They obtained it only in minute quantities from a species of shell-fish whose habitation was the Mediterranean. It was so difficult to procure that a single pound's weight was worth about £35 of our present currency. Thus it was that only the very richest in the land could possess garments dyed with such a valuable colour.

R. R.—No, Britain is not the most densely populated island in the world. This distinction belongs to Malta. Its population is dense in more senses than one, though perhaps a good deal of their apparent stupidity arises from the fact that so many different patois are spoken there that the people have quite a good deal of difficulty in making one another understand.

N. H. B. is puzzled. He has it on good authority that the turtle is exceedingly prolific, and yet, as he says, real turtle is almost beyond the reach of the ordinary purse. Why?——There are many reasons for this apparently paradoxical state of affairs. In the first place, the natives of the coasts on which the creatures breed have learnt to look upon the eggs as great delicacies, and this highly sensible opinion is shared by their dogs. Between them they work very considerable havoc among the eggs which the mother turtle lays on the beach and leaves to the sun to hatch. Then again, the young turtles, if they do manage to leave their shells, are immediately pounced upon by the sea birds, who appreciate turtle just as much as a City Alderman. Small wonder, then, that the voice of the turtle was heard to complain. The poor beast isn't given any show, and comparatively few ever reach maturity.

WREN.—It is quite possible to patch up wounds in a human body by grafting on living flesh, taken from different parts of the same person, or borrowed from some one else. I recollect a most extraordinary instance of this, which was related in a German medical paper some years ago. A certain young gentleman was terribly mutilated in an explosion, his countenance being so disfigured that he declared he would rather commit suicide than face the world again. Then he was taken in hand by a specialist. The doctor devoted his whole time and attention to his young patient, and bit by bit he borrowed little scraps of flesh from the man's arms, and legs, and back, which he sewed together and formed into new cheeks, a new nose, and a new chin. A perfectly different face had been given to the patient, but it was a very presentable one indeed. The throat was still bare, and not daring to cut away any more flesh, the physician visited the hospital, and borrowed the necessary material for the repairs from a young lady who had been operated upon. The whole effect was stated to be marvellous, an apparently fresh head having been placed on the poor fellow's shoulders, so that even his closest relations did not recognise him.

THE articles sent in for ISOBEL's recent Knitting Competition, and which their senders did not wish returned, have been sent to the London Hospital. Mr. Roberts, the House Governor, thus acknowledges their receipt: "Your kind present of knitted goods is most acceptable, and we are deeply obliged to you for them."

R. E. G. sends along a curious account of a Negro woman who became white. He hopes it may interest some of his fellow-readers. Here it is:—

This woman was scullery maid to Colonel Barnes of Maryland; she was born in Virginia, and was originally as black as the blackest African. When she was about [illegible] years old the skin adjoining the nails of the fingers suddenly turned white, her mouth soon afterwards showed the same alteration which extended gradually over the whole body, though not quite in an equal degree; four parts in five of her skin were as white, smooth, and transparent as that of a European, but the neck and shoulder blades were only [illegible] changed.

I am now anxiously awaiting a shoal of letters from my readers who have known of a white woman who turned black.

FATHER.—The best way to exercise the children indoors is to make them race up and down stairs. It takes about eighteen times the energy to clamber up stairs that it does to cover the same distance along the level, so their spirits are subdued eighteen times as fast as if you allowed them to race about the passages. True, they also run a much better chance of breaking their necks. You are the best judge as to whether this is advisable.

J. G. D. B. asks:—"Why are the inventions of Brother Jonathan noticed so much by the Press, and the inventive genius of our own countrymen scarcely recognised?"——Ingenious Yankee inventions are presumably so often mentioned in the papers for the same reason that South American revolutions are. Because there are more of them produced in that particular part of the world than anywhere else. The inhabitants of the States have for years past had almost a monopoly in clever novelties, no doubt chiefly because an inventor whose ideas are really practical receives so much more encouragement there than in any other country. A clever invention need never languish in the States for want of capital to work it, while here and on the Continent inventors usually experience great difficulty in persuading anybody to finance them.

R. T. E. wants to know who the Queen would be if she wasn't the Queen.——That's delightfully vague. I'm sure I don't know. A charwoman, possibly. The Queen's private name, if that is what R. T. E. wants, is Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and her private private name is plain Mrs. Wettin—not Mrs. Guelph, as he seems to think. If she had never married, her name would have been Miss Guelph.

AN ENGLISHMAN sends a letter in which he advocates fruit culture, wishing me to publish it. I am sorry that it is too lengthy for these columns; but there is no doubt that farmers as a class could materially improve their position if they were to pay more attention to this branch of their business. ENGLISHMAN supports his statement by quoting facts regarding the fruit trade of the United States of America. In the United States fruit is looked upon as a necessary article of diet, not in the light of a luxury, as it is with us; and ENGLISHMAN asserts that the Eastern States of the Union pay to the Western States £35,000,000 annually for fruit. He also advances figures to show that one Californian estate of 3,000 acres realised for its owner last year a net profit of £42,448, which amount is increasing by one-fifth annually. I hardly think, however, that such figures as these can be taken as a fair basis on which to work, for climatic conditions in California are so very different to those which [illegible] here. The Californian fruit farmer can rely absolutely upon fine and wet weather at certain seasons, and is not subjected to any of the sudden changes and vagaries of climate which break the heart of a Briton in a similar position.

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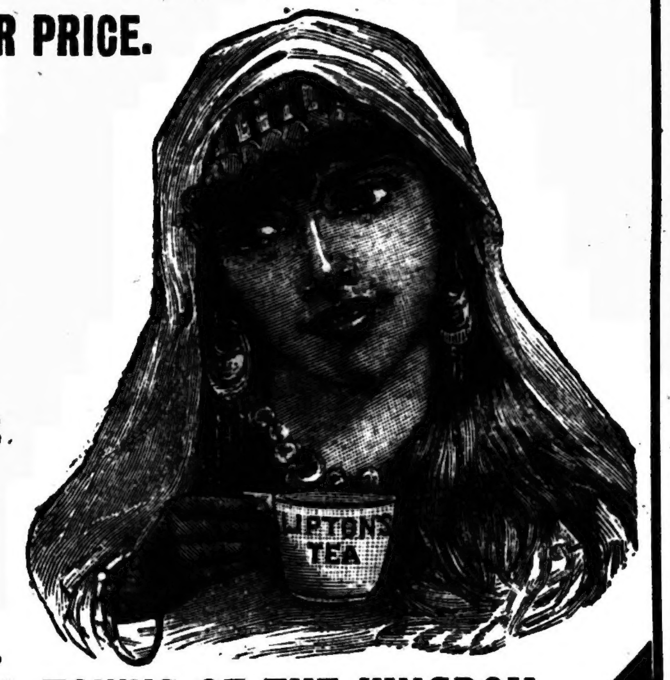

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F. Felt Slippers (Best)	1s. 4d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 9d.
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Nothing ever stands against them. Coated, tasteless, and QUITE HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE CONSTITUTION, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. By post, under cover, 1d. extra. Of all chemists, or direct from the UNIVERSAL DRUG CO. (new and only address), 75 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

5,000 AIR PISTOLS

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Sent, packed in a Strong and Neat Wooden Case, with SIX SUPERIOR DARTS and ONE HUNDRED BULLETS, Carriage Paid to any Address, for **4s. 6d.** Japanned, or 6s. Nickel-plated.

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THE WONDERFUL ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE

3 STOPS. Vox-humana, Expression, and Flute. Two Complete Sets of Reeds. By Royal Letters Patent. A Mere Child can Play it.

Direct from the Patentee and Sole Maker at Wholesale Prices. **3 STOPS** Write at once for Catalogue of Tunes and full particulars.

84/- ORGANETTE for 35/- Cash

Or on EASY PAYMENTS of 10/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Price 40s. Delivered when first 10s. is paid.

Plays Hymns, Popular Airs, Quadrilles, Waltzes, Polkas, Reels, Hornpipes, etc., etc. Any tune can be played with artistic effect by any one. No musical knowledge required. MOST MARVELLOUS INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD. MONEY RETURNED TO ANYONE DISSATISFIED. Mention this Paper.

J. M. DRAPER, Organette Works, Blackburn.

SCOTCH TWEEDS ALL WOOL.

PATTERNS FREE. PARCELS PAID.

Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suitings, also

CLAN TARTANS, SERGES, & HOMESPUN COSTUME CLOTHS FOR LADIES' DRESSES

in the Newest and most Fashionable Styles, Knee Rugs, Blankets, etc., manufactured by

CURRIE, M'DOUGALL, & SCOTT, Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B., AND THEREBY SAVE TWO INTERMEDIATE PROFITS AT LEAST.

Patterns must be returned within ten days.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

Bilious & Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS

SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION,

WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION,

DISORDERED LIVER, AND FEMALE AILMENTS.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d each, with full directions.

The 1s. 1½d. box contains 56 pills.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE PROPRIETOR—

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

"EXTRAORDINARY OFFER." "ABSOLUTE SECURITY." "LIBERAL CONDITIONS."

Unimpeachable Testimonials and Commendatory Letters have been received from thousands of the most illustrious personages from all parts of the world, acknowledging the real worth, value, and satisfaction obtained by purchasing my manufactures.

GIGANTIC SALE OF THE "QUEEN'S ROYAL" HOUSEHOLD

Carriage Free. **2/6 HEARTHRUGS** (Registered). **2/6** Carriage [illegible]

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6ft. long and 3ft. wide. Registered new designs, and considered works of art.

These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS, and UTILITY, having no [illegible] Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, including undermentioned, giving the highest satisfaction.

SPECIAL OFFER.—THREE FOR 7/-, SIX FOR 13/6, TWELVE FOR 26/-. CARRIAGE FREE.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs (Registered) are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

The Rectory, Shere, Guildford, April 14th.
Elizabeth Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham, writes, further requesting Mr. Hodgson to "send her six more of the 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs at 13s. 6d., as soon as possible, those received she is very much pleased with. Cheque enclosed."

Sunningdale, Berks, July 5th.
Sir Frederick A. Milbank, Bart., writes:—"Please supply me with another 'Queen's Royal' Carpet, 12ft. by 21ft., 49s. 3d., for a dining-room for my shooting residence at Barningham Park—similar terracotta and gold colours as supplied for my drawing-room last year."

Harewood Park, Ross, Herefordshire, March 1st.
The Lady Vincent writes:—I am pleased with the "Queen's Royal" Carpet and Hearthrug. The second carpet has arrived. Lady Vincent will be glad to have a third Carpet, 12ft. by 21ft., 49s. 3d., with two Hearthrugs to match, also a 6ft. by 9ft. Carpet, 11s. 9d., to be sent with out delay. Cheque enclosed.

Black Mount, Tyndrum, N.B., Nov[illegible]
Lord Breadalbane writes:—"Will feel obliged [illegible] Hodgson sending to above address two n[illegible] the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9½ft. by 10ft. £2 1s. 6d. enclosed."

Ford Castle Cornhill, Northumberland, May 14th.
"Dear Sir,—The 'Queen's Royal' Carpet received, which her ladyship likes very much.—Yours truly, Thomas Shannon, pro Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford."

West End Grove, Pangbourne, Berkshire, September 2[illegible]th.
"Miss Hopkins will thank Mr. Hodgson to send her as soon as possible another 'Queen's Royal' Carpet, 12 by 12 ft., with Rugs to match. Cheque 34s. 9d., enclosed. Miss H. has been very pleased with the previous articles sent by Mr. Hodgson."

Tilstock, Whitchurch, Nov. 18th.
Mrs A. M. Downward writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, having tested them thoroughly. Send me one more Carpet, 12 by 12 ft., 27s. 9d., with Rug, 2s. 6d., to match. Cheque 30s. 3d. enclosed."

Rye Hill, Newc[illegible] Nov. 7th.
M. Young, Esq., writes:—"Received the [illegible] Royal' Carpets, which are very satisfact[illegible] addition send me another for bedroom, 12 [illegible] 42s., and Rug to match, 2s. 6d.; also six fur[illegible] for 10s. 6d.—with terra-cotta borders. 59s. 9d., enclosed."

Forty Hill House, Enfie[illegible] Dec. 4th.
"Mrs. Jessop writes acknowledging re[illegible] the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets and Hearthrug[illegible] which she is much pleased. Those she h[illegible] Mr. Hodgson four years ago have been m[illegible] factory in wear."

Nantenan Glebe, Askeaton, co. Limerick, Jan[illegible]
The Rev. Dr. Hayden, writes: "The 'Queen's [illegible] Hearthrug sent has given so much satisfacti[illegible] I request you to forward three more of the[illegible] one 'Queen's Royal' Reversible Carpet, 8 f[illegible] feet. Cheque value £1 enclosed."

Pr. Louis of Battenberg
H.R.H. Prince K. Bigit, Siam
Marquis of Breadalbane
Marquise de Biddle Cope
Lord Farnham
Lord Henry Fitzgerald
Lord Lee
Sir Henry de Bathe
Sir Henry Bellingham
Sir E. H. Blair, Bart.
Sir L. Lacon
Sir M. Cayley
Sir Samuel Hayes
Sir Charles S. King, Bt.
Sir F. Pollock
Sir Walter Simpson
Sir Howard Grubb
Sir H. V. Gidd
The Knight of Glin
Archbishop of York
Very Rev. Dean Ferguson
Bishop of Capetown
Dean of Killaloe
Dean of Bangor
Dean Carrington
Ven. Archd'n of Kilmore
Ven. Archdeacon Wright
Archdeacon of Aghadoe
Archdeacon Long
Archd'n of Dromore, D.D.

Archdeacon of Ossory
Archdeacon Wolseley
Archdeacon Bruce
Archdeacon Rawstorne
Very Rev. Canon Columb
Rev. Canon Dodd
Rev. Canon Macdonald
Hon. & Rev. T. Markham
Rev. Canon Henderson
Rev. Canon Barrett
Rev. Canon Hurst
Rev. Canon Thornton
Rev. Canon Mather
Rev. Canon Cooper
Rev. Canon Hamilton
Rev. Canon Tottenham
Rev. Canon Dudgeon
Rev. Canon Bush
Rev. Canon Carleton
Rev. Canon Smith
Rev. Canon French
Rev. Canon Penrhyn
Rev. Canon Whelan
Rev. Canon Wilson
Rev. Canon Were
Rev. Canon Tate
Rev. Canon Whitford
Rev. Canon Upperton
Rev. Canon W. W. Kirby
Rev. Canon Kinsman
Canon Prothero

Princess de Croy
Dow.-Mar. Londonderry
Dow.-March. Downshire
Duchess of Wellington
Duchess of Richmond
M'chioness Breadalbane
Marchioness of Hastings
Marchioness of Drogheda
Marchioness of Bute
C'nt'ss Dow. Lady Thomas
Countess Dow. of Morton
Dow. Countess of Roden
Dow. Countess Clancarty
Countess of Ashburnham
Countess of Mar & Kellie
Countess of Effingham
Countess of Ferrers
Countess Lanesborough
Countess of Craven
Countess of Yarborough
Countess of Winchilsea
Countess of Haddington
Countess of Aberdeen
Countess of Lichfield
Countess Kearney
Countess Cowley
Countess Listowel
Countess of Westmeath
Countess of Mayo

Viscountess Torr[illegible]
Viscountess Moles[illegible]
Viscountess of He[illegible]
Viscountess Hel[illegible]
Viscountess of Tra[illegible]gar
Baroness Le Lin[illegible]
Baroness de Pous[illegible]
Baroness de Rott[illegible]
Dow. Lady Aber[illegible]
Dow. Lady Ayles[illegible]
R. Hn. L'dy Martin[illegible]
Lady Phillimore
Lady Harriet Wentworth
Lady Annette La To[illegible]
Adm'l Sir L. McClintock
Admiral Rutherford
Admiral Sir G. [illegible]fford
Admiral Sullivan
Admiral Hornby
Admiral Saumier
Commander Vesey Knox
Commander Grieve
C.-Gen. Scott Robertson
Comm'der Brown[illegible] R.N.
Lt.-Gen. Sir G. Graham
L.-Gn. Byron Nulman, C.B.
L.-Gn. H. Fegan, [illegible] C.B.
Surgeon-Major Petscoral
Surgeon-Major Davey

The Magnificent, New, and Original Design of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Carpets as shown in the above picture can be had by return in all sizes, with Hearthrugs to match. The leading feature for this season is a revival of the old Italian Art Colourings, also Anglo-Persian, Terra-Cotta, Fawn, Navy, Old Gold, and subdued Oriental Shades. When above design is wanted, kindly quote the registered number, 130,205.

GIGANTIC SALE OF THE "QUEEN'S ROYAL" HOUSEHOLD REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERN

TRADE MARK ON ALL GOODS. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

CARPETS (Registered).

TRADE MARK ON ALL GOODS. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. Woven without Seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction.

6 ft. by 9 ft., price, Carriage Free	11s. 9d.	9 ft. by 10½ ft., price, Carriage Free	20s. 9d.	12 ft. by 12 ft., price, Carriage Free	27s. 9d.	12 ft. by 15 ft., price, Carriage Free	34s. 9d.
8 ,, ,, 9 ,,	12s. 6d.	9 ,, ,, 12 ,,	22s. 9d.	9 ,, ,, 15 ,,	27s. 9d.	12 ,, ,, 18 ,,	42s. 0d.
6 ,, ,, 12 ,,	15s. 6d.	9 ,, ,, 13½ ,,	25s. 9d.	12 ,, ,, 13½ ,,	31s. 3d.	12 ,, ,, 21 ,,	49s. 3d.
9 ,, ,, 9 ,,	17s. 9d.	10½ ,, 12 ,,	25s. 9d.	When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred			

The old style of covering the floor of a room entirely with carpet is gradually giving place to the more healthy mode of laying down a square in the middle of the room, the flooring beyond being stained and varnished, or polished with beeswax according to the French fashion. The "Queen's Royal" Carpets are very handsome, subdued, and WOVEN all in one piece, made in rich Turkey patterns, in artistic designs, with handsome borders to correspond. They will wear better than any Tapestry or Felt Carpets, and can be thoroughly recommended as economical floor coverings. They have the largest sale in the world. These Squares never fail to give the greatest satisfaction.

Letterfowrie, Drybridge, Aug. 22nd.
Sir Robert G. Gordon writes:—"The 'Queen's Royal' Carpets and Rugs please very much; enclosed are orders for three more Carpets and three Hearthrugs. Cheque for £5 11s. 6d."

Castle Hill, Ealing, London, June 4th.
"Lady Madeline Erskine received the 'Queen's Royal' Reversible Carpet from Mr. F. Hodgson, the dark terra-cotta colour, which she likes very much. Please send another at earliest, same size, dark art shades. Cheque enclosed, 24s. 9d."

Eaton Gardens, West Brighton, Jan. 10th.
"Lady Robert Vivian has received the two large 'Queen's Royal' Carpets ordered from F. Hodgson, and is very much pleased with them, and considers them wonderfully well manufactured, and very cheap."

Carrard, Lisballaw, Ulster, Sept. 1st.
Sir Charles S. Kirk, Bart., writes:—"Please forward me two more 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs, different patterns, of subdued Turkish shades; also three more Real Opossum Fur Rugs. Enclosed you have cheque value 10s. 6d."

Lady Hammond Gravel
Lady Beatrice Stewart
Lady Granville Gordon
Lady Hunter Blair
Lady De L'Isle and Dudley
Lady Bull
Lady Helps

Lady Scott
Lady Scratchley
Lady Brooke
Lady Bute
Lady Pryse
Lady Loring
Lady A. Sherson

Lady E. Heneage
Lady Darnley
Lady Legard
Lady Claud Hamilton
Lady Caroline Kaye
Lady Rose
Lady Newman

Lady Monck
Lady Grant Duff
Lady Pigott
Lady Lees
Lady Gillespie
Lady Moore
Lady Carrock

Lady Eliz. Clements
Lady Campbell
Lady Constance Colomb
Lady Southby
Lady Ponsonby
Lady A. Palmer
Lady Seton Stewart
Lady Lambert

Lady Macgregor
Lady Gardner
Lady Borthwick
Lady Wolseley
Lady McMurphy
Lady Emily Beecher
Lady Briscoe
Lady Seton Stewart

Lady Freeling
Lady Strathallan
Lady Tweedmouth
Lady Hunter
Lady Lewis
Lady Emily Harper
Lady Helen Macgregor

Lady Goring
Lady Julian Follett
Lady Archibald
Lady Shiffner
Lady Ventry
Lady Chelmsford
Lady R. Hope

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE (CHANCERY DIVISION.) HODGSON v. WEBB BROS.—On the 18th day of July, Mr. Justice Chitty, sitting in the High Court of Justice, granted an [illegible]rim injunction restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Frederick Hodgson's (of Leeds) Trade Mark "Eclipse," No. 90,774.

The "Eclipse" Carpets

Registere[illegible] *The Largest eve[illegible] the Pric[illegible]*

I will forward Direct from the Looms to any address, on receipt of amount, a GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET, suitable for sitting-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in colours, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for my goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have already been sold at double above prices. A Rug, sent with Carpet, 1s. 6d. extra; or **Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 10s. 6d.; or Four Carpets and Four Rugs, 20s.**—Carriage Free. "We have never seen a cheaper article, the wonder being how the carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously small sum."—*Exchange and Mart.* "Wonderful value for money."—*Church Bells.* Hundreds of favourable Press notices from the *Christian Globe, Christian World, Christian Age, Rock, Catholic Times, &c.* Thousands of testimonials and repeat orders from my customers. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.* This extraordinary offer may not be repeated. All orders despatched same day as received. *Do not miss this opportunity.*

To your H[illegible]es CARRIAGE [illegible]E **4/9** EACH. In 20 Patt[illegible]s.

The Rectory, Shere, Guildford, Sept. 24th.
The Countess Elizabeth of Winchilsea and Nottingham writes, requesting Mr. Hodgson to send her two more of the "Eclipse" Carpets and two Rugs to match. Cheque 10s. 6d. enclosed.

Portman Square, London, Nov. 23rd.
Lady Juliana Walker writes: "I am much pleased with the 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs sent last week. Would Mr. Hodgson send twelve more of them? Cheque enclosed."

Alvanley Terrace, Edinboro', Jan. 29th.
C. R. Pearce, Esq., writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets I wrote for are quite satisfactory. I wish you now to send me a 'Queen's Royal' Carpet, 10½ ft. by 12 ft., as per Catalogue. Cheque 25s. 9d. enclosed for same."

Conig, Wrotham, Dover, Jan. 27th.
Mrs. Phillips writes:—"'Eclipse' Carpets satisfactory to hand. Shall be obliged by having two more of them with Rugs to match sent without delay. Amount (10s. 6d.) enclosed."

Thompson St., Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Ja[illegible]
J. T. Potts, Esq., writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Ca[illegible] satisfactory; please send four more 'Eclipse' Ca[illegible] Rugs to match for 20s.; also one of your Velvet Pil[illegible] 6 ft. by 9 ft., at 19s. 6d. Amount £1 19s. 6d."

A WARNING.—*Owing to numerous complaints reaching me,* I beg to state the above goods can only be had direct from me. NO AGENTS appointed. Beware of unsc[illegible] advertisers copying my advertisements, and thus misleading. £5 Reward will be paid for information leading to the conviction of any person sell[illegible] "QUEEN'S ROYAL" or "ECLIPSE" Carpets and Hearthrugs.

I rely entirely upon Spontaneous Repeat Orders from my Clients for the maintenance of my trade. (Established nearly quarter of a century.)
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, WITH TESTIMONIALS, FREE. TO READERS, when writing, mentioning *Pearson's Weekly* this week. Any of the above Goods sent Carriage [illegible] any part of the British Isles, on receipt of amount, and refunded if not as described. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cheques and P.O.'s payble to—

F. HODGSON, MANUFACTURER, IMPORTER, AND MERCHANT, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

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